

THE  
PICTURE GALLERY.

[PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.]







A NEW EDITION.

THE  
PICTURE GALLERY.

CONTAINING NEAR  
TWO HUNDRED PAINTINGS BY THE MOST  
DISTINGUISHED LADIES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Among which are the following Capital Pieces,

|                                             |         |                                     |
|---------------------------------------------|---------|-------------------------------------|
| The Widow Brady,                            | — — — — | by Dowager Lady A———r.              |
| The Libertine reclaimed,                    | — — — — | by the D——fs of C———d.              |
| The Highland Laddie,                        | — — — — | by Lady S——h B———y.                 |
| The Rake's Progress,                        | — — — — | by Lady C——s.                       |
| Baucis,                                     | — — — — | by P——fs A——a.                      |
| Cymon and Iphigene,                         | — — — — | by Duchefs of D———re.               |
| The Careless Husband,                       | — — — — | by Ditto.                           |
| Lady Brute,                                 | — — — — | by Lady F——l——.                     |
| The Dust Cart,                              | — — — — | by Ditto.                           |
| Jobson and Nell,                            | — — — — | by Duchefs of G———r.                |
| Old Margaret,                               | — — — — | by Mrs. Gr -h——m, late Mrs. Mac——y. |
| The Sweepstakes,                            | — — — — | by Dowager D——fs of A———r.          |
| An old Woman cloathed in Gray,              | — — — — | by Lady G——ch.                      |
| Venus making Love,                          | — — — — | by the Honorable Mrs. H——b——t.      |
| Lavinia bathing,                            | — — — — | by Mifs H——m.                       |
| Jephtha's Daughter bewailing her Virginity, | — — — — | by Countefs of J———y.               |
| Lady Godina riding through Coventry,        | — — — — | by Quondam Lady L———r.              |
| Befs of Bedlam,                             | — — — — | by Lady N——th.                      |
| An English Seraglio,                        | — — — — | by the Countefs of O———y.           |
| Pandora's Box,                              | — — — — | by Lady R——s.                       |
| Diana Trapes,                               | — — — — | by Lady John S——lle.                |
| Robinetta,                                  | — — — — | by Dowager C——fs of B——m——re.       |
| Saint Austen out of his Wits,               | — — — — | by Mrs. W——b——t-n.                  |
| Defdemonia,                                 | — — — — | by Lady T———d.                      |
| The Torch of Hymen,                         | — — — — | by C———fs of B——l.                  |
| Gammar Gurton's Needle,                     | — — — — | by Dowager Lady T———d, &c. &c. &c.  |

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,  
CRITICAL STRICTURES UPON EACH PIECE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at No 46, in Fleet-Street.

M DCC LXXX.



NEW EDITION

PICTURE BOOK





## INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

PUBLIC Approbation has ever been esteemed the genuine off-spring of free-will in the people, liberally bestowed as the invaluable reward of honest patriotism. The noble artists who honored the world with their performances last year, painted from a regard to their country. They have considered the tributary compliment paid them by their fellow-subjects as an inestimable acknowledgment of their labours, and are happy in discovering so laudable a disposition throughout *Lancashire* and *Cheshire* in favor of their well-meant exhibition. The softer sex, equally attached to the interests of Great Britain, but trembling at the idea of being angrily treated by the rigid sons of freedom, have made a faint attempt to rival the glories of their husbands and brethren. They ask but the tenderness due to female limners, without the ambi-

b

tion



tion of being idolized for their respective merits. A candid examination is so peculiarly the characteristic of English criticism, that they place unlimited confidence in the generous impartiality they have reason to expect, and will be happy to withdraw their pieces, when the public voice pronounces them unworthy a mediocrity of estimation.

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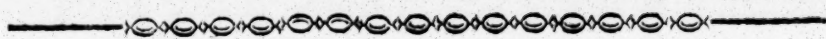


# LIST OF ARTISTS.

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THE  
PICTURE GALLERY.



C . . . . . S S   O F   A B . . . D . N .

1. *Hope.*

EVERY favorable consideration is due to the efforts of a female artist, whose choice of subject, and distribution of imagery are not directly opposite to the requisites of characteristic propriety. Too injudicious a rapture would constitute the same misapplied expression of features, as too melancholy a resignation on the countenance of Hope, and though, in uniformity with the object desired, a very extensive latitude may be permitted, the painter is equally liable to inaccuracy. The figure before us possesses abundant merit. An indescribable benignity of aspect, and an interesting elegance of person, are its striking beauties. The mixture of langour and confidence in the visage of Hope, is well conceived, and happily expressed. It may be deemed an indiscretion to have represented her resting on her anchor, in the midst of a race-ground.

B

2. *Admetus.*



2. *Admetus and Alcestis.*

Admetus obtained by favour of Apollo, that if any one were found ready to submit to death, through the motive of saving his life, the comfortable indulgence might be granted. Friendship and Love were offices of so narrow an extent, even in *those* days, that the god thought his divinity in little danger of being choused. *Alcestis*, his wife, a moderate heroine of antiquity, consented to the *dernier ressort*, and gladly accepted its unfavourable conditions. Her fortitude and affection have ample justice done them by the pencil of Lady A----, and compose at the same time an elegant painting, and a flattering compliment to such unparalleled constancy. The insensibility of Admetus is confessedly censurable, and added to his unamiable aspect and figure, give us reason to pronounce him (were he as the poet represents) very undeserving so serious a sacrifice.

MRS. A B . . . T O N.

*The Widow Anderson.*

Have you been at ABINGDON, hey, Sir, ho, Sir!  
 Have you been at ABINGDON, ho!  
 Have you been at *Abingdon*, seen Widow *Anderson*?  
 Oh! she's a dainty Widow!

Where those beauties were situated, which the merry poet so amorously describes, is, we believe, a circumstance yet undiscovered. Allowing the likenesses to be genuine, there are no arguments of the Widow's having ever laid just claim to the epithet of *dainty*. Never were black eyes seen less alluring. A *petiteesse* of figure, and a seemingly balked attempt at flirtation, are but poor substitutes, where we are taught to expect ravishing glances, and a buxom *embonpoint*. The Widow was certainly in the vale of years, when she



the fat for her picture. When matters are brought to that crisis, Mrs. *Harrington* is the most flattering limner, as she declares war point blank against complexion and eyes. The Widow, in her winterly season, seems equally unhappy in the choice of her *male* friends. One is discovered *dead drunk*, and another introducing his *wife* in the right hand, and a bill of impeachments in the left.

## L A D Y F . . . . . S A C . . . D.

1. *Andromache bewailing the Death of Hector.*

Compassion is most powerfully awakened at Andromache's distress. She seems alive to every feeling which could have arisen on so melancholy an event, and divides our concern, by making the young Astyanax a speechless partner in her sorrow. Hector's torn body is in itself an object that would authorize her immoderate lamentation, were she not in the double character of an unhappy widow, and a more wretched mother.

## P . . . . . S S A . . . . A.

*Baucis.*

Ovid's very complimentary history of this good old woman is too well known to require an introduction of those events which proved her deserving so unusual a distinction. Her connection, and constant abode with the cottager *Philemon*, makes us wonder why the royal artist should have disjoined them. Her highness's violation of historical exactness is, however, pardonable, since she has been so critically nice in finishing the picturesque, and as *Baucis* looks quite as contented without a husband, as she could have been in the conjugal noose, we have no reason to lament her want of a partner.

D O W-



## DOWAGER D . . . . S S    o f    A N . . . . . R.

1. *The Sweepstakes.*

This, if not the best, is at least the most crowded piece in the collection. Every passion seems delineated, every attitude expressed, and every variation from hope to fear, most accurately depicted. The title given so complex a painting is by no means explanatory. Other circumstances are introduced on the canvass, than those which are necessarily connected with the abovementioned subject. A father, in the side-scene, is discovered cancelling the debt of a coronetted *knowing-one*, unwittingly *taken in*, by giving him his daughter without the comfortable consideration of a portion in ready money.

2. *Niobe.*

Self-estimation has its different degrees of criminality, according to the various authorities which proportionably support it. Niobe's arrogance had something of benevolence in it, in spite of the injurious reflections she cast on Latona. She esteemed herself too highly from the consideration of her numerous issue. In short, she was characteristically a woman, and more peculiarly a partial mother. Ovid has severally related the deaths of her children by the arrows of Apollo and Diana, and the circumstances which prefaced her own transformation to a marble statue! Every embellishment the narrative required is found in the painting we have thus ventured to commend. Niobe is petrified with becoming dignity, and were it not for a vulgar wildness in the eye, would exhibit a correctness of attitude, unusual in the first essays of a female artist.

D O W.



## DOWAGER LADY A . . . . R.

*The Widow Brady. In Wax.*

The Irish Widow.

The introduction of this second species of composition is certainly an intrusion on the regulations of so well-governed a society as that of which Lady A----- has the honor to be a member. Every possible indulgence will, however, be granted, when we consider the richness and very extraordinary elegance of coloring with which her Ladyship has tinged the Widow's cheeks. Painting has undoubtedly been her *studied* accomplishment, and though she gives preference to wax, to the no small disrepute of neglected canvas, the right honorable artist cannot by any means be pronounced equally great in figure as in face. Whether my Lady's first materials were coarse or defective in any other respect we are unable to ascertain. An unfathomable depth of *rouge* has been the consequence, and the *Widow Brady's* complexion partakes immoderately of the nature of scarlet plumage.

## D . . . . S S    O F    A . . . . L L.

1. *Beauty disarming Time.*

Dispassionate criticism will be very insufficient to enumerate the many excellencies contained in the painting before us. Beauty has every requisite for the support of her character---A most lovely arrangement of features, eloquently expressive of the benignity they characterize, and an elegant dignity of attitude, so enchantingly bewitching, that one would almost imagine so perfect an original were not in existence. The advance of years necessarily introduced in conformity with the subject described, is almost imperceptible, so earnestly are we engaged in interpreting the most indifferent touches of the pencil, as inimitable beauties.



2. *The three Kings of Brentford.*

Two of them are most delectably substantial. The third seems not to have joined company, or forms the *trio* out of due measure. In more *courtly* terms he may be said to rest behind, in expectation of the order of succession. His fore-runners are far advanced in the rugged vale of years, a circumstance which he appears anxious of improving to his advantage. So shadowy is the royal portrait, that it is difficult to determine whether his hereditary honors will be supported with *eclat*; and what remains still more obscure is, that their three Majesties should so cordially unite in a seemingly sincere attachment to one common Queen. Her remarkable share of beauty is the only key, that can assist us in an interpretation.

MRS. B . . D . . . Y.

*Lais.*

This very wanton female is reported to have been eminently distinguished as the most alluring courtesan of Sicily. Her demands were proportionably exorbitant, and the tenor of them uniformly kept up by the facility with which the young noblemen of former days were made dupes to female artifice. An affected innocence of manners, well expressed by the *virgin blush* which at the same time softens her complexion, is the grand object Mrs. B---- seems to have had in view, and in which she has succeeded to a miracle. The back scene is so most desolately naked, that (on the faith of our artist's attention to historical tradition) we must suppose the good fortune of *Lais* to have existed only for a period.

L A D Y B . . . F . . D E.

*Bampfylde Moore Carew.*

It is but a tacit confession that some introduction will be found  
con-



convenient, when we tell the reader how unnecessary it is he should be made acquainted with the character or history of the subject we criticise. The Life and Adventures of Carew are sufficiently recent in the memory of the moderately studious to authorize our omission of such romantic, but severe distresses, as were the necessary effects of a more than irrational misconduct. The painting presents us with a truly lamentable scene of wretchedness. A figure most irretrievably *woe-begone*, wasted with misery, and apparently destitute of subsistence, is the solitary object of our contemplation. His visage preserves a wild complacency, if the expression is allowable, which adds to the horror of his situation. The strength of coloring is inimitable, and the language of Bampfylde's countenance peculiarly striking.

H O N O R A B L E M R S. B . . . . . T O N .

*The Temple of Hymen.*

The delicate proportions of architecture are accurately observed in the above piece. Some material and elegant improvements are made on the taste of bolder compositions, which will be displayed to greater advantage when we consider the peculiar symmetry they preserve. The lovers of likeness painting will be pleasingly engaged in separately admiring two personages, who from their residence in the newly-erected mansion without a retinue, appear as the priest and priestess of Hymen. Their habits give some degree of probability to such a conjecture. Should our interpretation prove erroneous, they must be votaries to the god, though they discover much too earnest and sincere a piety for the present æra.

D O W. C . . . . . S S O F B . . R Y . . R E .

I. *Robinetta.*

The Christmas Tale.

This cruel persecutress of love-sick *Tycho* has surely monopolized

*tout*



*tout d'un coup* the life and spirits which were once liberally distributed among the gay and lively of her sex. So powerfully does she attract our attention, that the crest-fallen figure in the corner is but the object of our pity on the second view. Robinetta has every grace that can be expressed in French or English. Her features are a studied compliment to art and nature. The blooming softness in her cheeks must have been irresistible in the original, if it equals the pencil of Lady B-----.

## 2. *The Gordion Knot.*

Gordius left behind him a curiosity, inexplicable by all the magic of conjuration---a Knot, which succeeding generations, who, as *Horace* remarks, are regularly *vitiosiores*, viz. (for the instruction of female readers) *qui se laissent devenir plus & plus mechans*, were unable to disentangle. Alexander, or some other madman of antiquity, dissolved the ligatures with his sword, to the no small mortification of the Virtuoso's in complicated packthread. The painted fastenings have every property which can make them indissoluble. A lady shews the rarity, and the paintress, partial to her sex, has made her no inconsiderable personage. She has great beauty, and looks with an interested concern on the many awkward boobies who are tying the knot still faster. One applies to the sword, but is over-ruled by the violence of his competitors. In short we believe the story allegorical. Some more substantial end, perhaps the conjugal knot is to be attained and fastened by the happy-fingered fellow who has the readiest knack at untwisting its representative. Whatever may be the explanation, the piece is well finished, and has merit.

L A D Y B . . . . P.

*The Ruins of Palmyra.*

We are struck with a reverential awe---but no farther! The  
situation



situation of Palmyra in the painting is such, that it were to be wished the country it stands in were indebted in a greater degree to cultivation. Had the clown, who said Westminster-abbey would look better white-washed, been admitted to a sight of the above piece, he would undoubtedly vote for ways and means to repair Palmyra, in however humble a stile. The hermit, who seems to inhabit a cell which composes part of the ruin, gazes on it with an unsociable delight. If we may venture to put a construction on his looks, he wishes it may be approached by no one but himself. The same cannot be said of an elegant female figure, who has ventured a step too far, and who views the devastations of time with a mixture of sorrow and complacency.

L A D Y    D . . . . . B . . . . . C K.

1. *Scylla and Charybdis.*

The vessel which leans so indiscreetly towards Charybdis, has undoubtedly been shattered by Scylla, so wretched is the condition of its masts and rigging. How it ever escaped out of the jaws of the latter, is worthy the attention of the curious, whether they may have studied *the Pantheon*, or *Lord Anson*, as it was no usual thing for mariners to extricate themselves from the embraces of so cordial an hostess. By some lines, below the painting, we discover a reason for the double calamity. The mariners were a merciless crew, and their Captain's wife a pattern of evil-doing. She had (the poetry is in Greek, so the fair reader will excuse the insertion of it) shared a similar fate with her bark. After having escaped from the teeth of one lord and master, she was induced, or rather the great justice of the gods impelled her to try her success with another. The second gave rise to the English proverb of *the Frying Pan*.

D

2. *Jupiter*



2. *Jupiter and Leda. The coloring very faint.*

To inveigh against Leda's breach of chastity, would be acting the part rather of moralists than critics. No more then of ungenteel reflection. Jupiter is hideously frightful, and must certainly have been indebted to Tyndarus (Leda's spouse) for a kindred ugliness, in the success he meets with as a suitor. His married rival is represented in the back scene gambling, and so earnest in the amusement, that there is little danger of interruption. The faces are well drawn, though not characteristic. The King and Father of Gods may have persuaded the credulous world he took the form of a swan. If so, it was essentially a metamorphose, so very differently is he coloured.

D O W, D . . . . S S   o f   B . . . . . T.

*Ninon de l'Enclos.*

Time has furrowed the old lady's cheeks so sparingly, and damaged her *vultus lubricus*, *visage glissant*, so very little, that at first sight we thought the artist had given us *la belle Françoise* in her youth. A mature gravity of aspect, added to a ripeness of complexion, convinced us of the mistake, and no lover of the ladies will regret the deception. Were old women as amiably charming only in the benignity of their looks as Ninon, the epithet would no longer be disgraceful. Her sweetness is such, that had her *grandson* been the mistaken lover, his taste could never have been called in question.

D . . . . S S   o f   B . . . . . T.

*Chastity.*

An immoderate share of the sublime and beautiful, would be  
unfit



unfit to express a mind totally unacquainted with every artifice, but that of compelling our admiration and respect. The --fs has avoided the impropriety, and presents *les connoisseurs* with a model of virtuous softness, and attractive innocence. *Chastity* displays no charms that can impress the slightest touch on sensual or ungoverned passions. The spectator must be thoroughly estranged from vice to taste every beauty of the painting in perfection. The more moderately infallible will envy the man who possesses an original of such inimitable worth.

D O W. D . . . . S S O F B . . . . . D.

1. *Medusa's Head.*

Medusa, history tells us, was once a beauty. Poetry has certainly the advantage of painting in this case, for the nicest observer could not have selected one *trait* of decency from her present disfigured physiognomy. The venom of her unnumbered snakes is only to be equalled by the infectious juices, which point out their residence by embrowning the surface of her cheeks. *David* had undoubtedly a sketch of some such personage in his eye, when he so emphatically spoke of *adder's poison*. Great merit is certainly visible throughout the piece. The different countenances of the serpents are unusually expressive. They seem the very ambassadors of plots and conspiracies. The ghastly grin of their mistress is picturesque, and most assuredly borrowed from Milton, as no one could conceive (but by authority) that the approbation even of a fiend were ever expressed by so distorted and terrifying a smile.

2. *The Tower of Babel.*

An indivisible chaos! stones, mortar, bricks and workmen, form a scene so confusedly complicated, that we doubt the artist has very  
far



far exceeded all traditional authority. Too considerable a part of the tower is already erected for that harmony of tongues to subsist, which from scriptural proof was disturbed at a much earlier period than the painting expresses. A striking female personage seems a grand mover in the romantic attempt, and by the implicit obedience paid her, we conjecture she is Pay-Mistress. Mr. Pinchbeck's assistance would be very well timed on this occasion. To see so numerous a body of postdiluvians performing their respective offices with an apt suppleness of limbs, were really a most *royal* treat. But perhaps the D--s does not continue to paint for government.

### 3. *Bonduca leading her Forces.*

Amazonian fortitude is visible in each of the heroine's features, while she discovers the peculiar *traits* of a well-instructed and enterprising genius in the excellent disposition of her troops. The subalterns are busily engaged in their several departments, and to appearance enforce the most rigid discipline. Bonduca's figure has a brutal dignity, bordering too much on the ungraceful. Her attitude commands respect, but it is that servile veneration, which may be called the mistaken offspring of terror. A most undaunted bravery appears to have so totally possessed her, as to eradicate every delicacy natural to her sex.

### HONORABLE LADY B. R. N. . . Y.

*Sir Charles Grandison.*

Richardson's pleasing, though fancied pattern of human perfection, forms a portrait equally engaging in personal elegance, as in mental accomplishments. Figure and face are no small recommendations to a character, in other respects amiable, and when  
com-



combined, give additional estimation to a good picture. The piece before us has every claim to the warmest approbation, and prevents our paying a merited compliment to particular excellences, by the uniform beauty, and justness of the whole. Lady Grandison is omitted in the title of the painting. The hon. artist has been equally great in the execution of her person, and makes us enamored with matrimony, by the pleasing lights she has thrown on conjugal happiness. Sir Charles's countenance seems the seat of every virtue, so conspicuously does it discover the marks of universal benevolence.

B . . . . . T T Y.

*Scandal.*

The most punctilious delicacy is necessary in criticising the penciled specimens of a lady, who is so able and ready to defend her transactions in *plain English*. A recent publication, introduced under the sanction of her name, makes us fear the commencement of hostilities, where ourselves are such unequal combatants. Impartiality, and by no means dastardly apprehension, prompts us, however, to pay the tribute of well-deserved panegyric. Mrs. B--tty's *Scandal* wants no deformity to heighten its effect. Every stroke of the *crayon* is distinctly to be admired, as we clearly trace its necessity, towards finishing the complex ugliness *du tout ensemble*. It will not be amiss to send such persons as disdain the company of this untitled intruder to her mansion in St. J---'s street, for better information.

L A D Y B . . K E.

*Jane Shore.*

One might at least have expected the outside of sorrow and contrition. So offending, and so repentant a sinner, as *Shore's* incontinent

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inent



continent wife had been, could never have appeared so little moved at the distresses, to which her misconducts were a fatal prelude. Wax tapers, death's heads, and volumes of true devotion, give an apparent gloom to the chamber, wherein the false-hearted fair is supposed to rehearse her penance; but for a suitable calamity of features, it must be confessed we are at a loss to discover any such effect. The language of her eyes is rather a dangerous comment on the doctrine of *Vive la Bagatelle*.

H O N O R A B L E M R S. B . . V . . I E .

*Liberty.*

Daughter of gods, bright Liberty,  
With thee a thousand graces reign.

The fair paintress has literally verified the words of the poet. Every attribute, which might be expected from a deity on earth, presiding over mirth and glee, is displayed to the greatest advantage in the person and countenance of *Liberty*. The serious, silly-looking damsel, who long usurped the name and habiliments of this free-born goddess, is thoroughly crest-fallen, to the satisfaction of every foe to old-fashioned *boarish* authority. The Cap and Staff were much too stale for general admiration, had their existence been confined to an equal number of days, instead of the wearisome years, which have tamely registered the imposition. *Tipsey Dance and Revelry* are wisely substituted in the place of anxious care and rigorous solemnity. Such subjects for the promotion of mirth and good-will, joined to the excellence of the painting before us, would of themselves render *Liberty* a most engaging object, had not the goddess of beauty stamped every charm on the features of her favorite. A faultless person, joined to a more than earthly face, are amiable, though dangerous companions to freedom. If we look, we admire, and are hardly convinced of the mistake, when Liberty becomes



becomes Licentiousness. But no more of grave reflection. Her form is such, that we hope unwarrantable indiscretion would wear a far different aspect.

C . . . . . S S O F B . . . . . L.

1. *Isabella lamenting the Return of Biron.*

Fatal Marriage.

Should some itinerant actresses, enamored with a strange, though not unprecedented attachment to her own sweet person, have humbly requested the scene-painter of the *corps* to daub her *shapes*, we should compliment her penetration in compelling posterity to recollect her manifold perfections. Allowances so humane and extraordinary can never be admissible in the *case* of a C---fs, whose more interesting *case* as D--fs of K---- suffered no such infringement of *critical propriety*. Her Ladyship is as culpable in painting *Isabella*, as the supposed actresses would have been in fitting for so forbidding a likeness. An unmeasurable corpulence, with grief worse than burlesqued, are the first inconsistencies which glare on us. Less scandalous indecencies are discoverable on a second view, such as impudence, and self-vindication. *Biron's* figure is as little an object of love, as *Isabella's* of pity. The *Fatality* is certainly postponed to the subsequent scene.

2. *Neptune and Amphitrite.*

These patterns of conjugal good-humor have been usually contrasted with the blustering element they reside in. No such eccentric cordiality is visible in their present portraits. Neptune *foams* with spleen and ill-nature. Amphitrite looks the character of a fish-woman to admiration, and challenges his god-ship at foul-mouthed or fifty altercation. The sea-green deity seems to hint something of infidelity, and wandering after *celestials*. His wedded  
anta-



tagonist points to a pretty sea-nymph, who is just hiding her blushes under the concealment of a wave, and retorts the insult. The painting is good, and might be characteristic under a more modern title.

### 3. *The Torch of Hymen.*

Deep-read philosophers are usually bold at extravagant assertions. To those we leave the investigation of causes. Our humility leads us only to describe effects. The flame of Hymen's torch is bifurked, whatever may be the reason. His own celestial neck has out of compliment assented to the comical superstructure of a second head, so that we took him at first for one of Janus's illegitimates. Marriage articles, plans of estates, CONVEYANCES of various kinds, are scattered at his feet. To return to the Torch---- Its flames are replete with vapor, and almost darkened with a prodigious cloud of smoke. The fire burns blue on one side, and scarlet on the other; and Hymen's double set of features, like the mastiff in Addison's comedy, *look for all the world, as if they saw something.*

H O N O R A B L E M R S. B . . D . . L L.

*Juno.*

Proud as her peacock! The Queen of Heaven may make herself quite easy. No inferior celestial can usurp a majesty to stand in competition with her own. So striking is the dignity of her person, that we lose every prospect of grace, and so erect her attitude, that Jupiter must have been a *bold god* to have attempted any interview with his married sister, unless *en parlant*. The coloring is nicely distributed, and has a pleasing effect. The hon. artist is, we fear, no friend to vivacity, or she would not have drawn the goddess so stern and motionless

C . . . . . S S



C . . . . . S S    O F    B . C K . . . . . M.

*The Queen of Sheba.*

Whom her Majesty is in conference with, is undetermined ; but we are sure it cannot be *Solomon*. The piece is a decent thing in itself, and in good preservation. The Queen's features are well conceived, and commanding. Her value for wisdom is expressed in a masterly style, (if the works of a Lady will admit so received an epithet) while a brisk and piercing eye, with a steady firmness of aspect, give us favorable ideas of her superior penetration. By the Ministers of State, who appear waiting in the back-scene, it is to be supposed her Majesty is about to give audience ; and, from the expression of her Lords' countenances, we judge, on the subject of redressing grievances. A personage hardly discoverable, on one side of the council-chamber, has the robes of a King : he is no usurper, by the simplicity of his looks, Who can he be ?

L A D Y   B . . K L . Y .

*Iris.*

An elegant delicacy is nicely preserved throughout the person of this pretty little second-rate deity. She simpers enchantingly, and, from the texture of her lips, promises to speak as agreeably : her position is in direct concert with the good-nature of her looks. So pleasing an address cannot by any means be called forwardness : besides, she appears too young to have her innocence construed into indiscretion. The rainbow, which is placed with great taste and judgement, is executed beyond our expectations. It is at the same time soft and dazzling, and, from the richness of its colours, forms a happy con-

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trast to the simplicity of Iris's habit. So constant and general a prepossession in favour of single figures, occasions too great an uniformity in the different pieces; an impropriety which we think unanswerable by the married ladies.

Quondam L A D Y S . . . . B . . . . Y.

1. *Ulysses' Mariners transformed to Swine.*

Such dirty Pigs were never the subject of a painting before, within our recollection. The immediate transformation is represented with very critical exactness in some of the dignified personages; others are, *ipso facto*, full-grown; and a third set wait for the dire event with *bristled* horror. The enchantress has so completely fascinated the admirably-finished *Porkers*, that a lively imagination will have little difficulty to conceive their very *grunting*. Such ungenteel treatment would be highly resented, had not the power of magic compelled them to resign the smallest attachment to any but brutish inclinations. So necessary a consideration being premised, we can easily account for the uncleanly good-humour that prevails among them.

2. *The Highland Laddie.*

He rows me in his Tartan pladdie.

The *Lawland Lassie* had every thing on her side, if her *bonny Lad* was as comely as his portrait. Her compliments might with propriety have been the effusions of a sincere affection, since the object of her love is so nicely cut out for the service of the Ladies. Inconstancy, we fear, is the handsome Highlander's most unfortunate foible. We read every line of such a temper in his well-written physiognomy. The lives and adventures of this contented couple will by no means warrant



warrant our *gipsy* assertion. *Few compliments between us pass*, was their invariable motto ; but, from the tenor of some subsequent Scotch compositions, we judge too licentious a *freedom* gave the *forsaken Lassie* a fatal opportunity of bewailing her lover's inhumanity on the *banks of the Dee*.

3. *A Black and white BITCH of K. CHARLES's Breed.*

It shows some degree of condescension in Lady S—— to have thought so inferior a style of painting worthy her attention, after the shining specimens she had given of her excellent abilities in subjects of a more complex nature. The Bitch is pictured from the life, most certainly ; so accurate is the execution, and so strong the lineaments which distinguish her to be of Royal progeny. From the very superficial knowledge we have of *canine* distinctions, we confess our remark impertinent, and perhaps unjust : we cannot, however, forbear particularly noticing the unreasonable spleen and surliness which characterise Lady S——'s Bitch. Some of King Charles's quarrelsome descendants are surely in possession of the original, and, having nurtured it from a very *Puppy*, taught it to grin and show its teeth, for the recreation of the B—d R—I. The Bitch, considering herself the issue of a collateral branch, and aspiring at hereditary peculiarities, has snarled and foamed ever since (we guess) in concert with her Keepers.

LADY P . . . . . A B . . . . L L . .

*Sophia.*

Tom Jones.

None but the purest sentiments can dwell within a form of such celestial perfection. We forget the rusticity of the character which is presented



fented to our admiration, when we compliment with such unmeaning pomp, malicious Envy may perhaps assert; for surely there can be no other ruffled passion, but must be composed on contemplating so elegant, nay eloquent a painting. Engaging dignity, majestic softness, unassuming grandeur, however they may appear self-contradictions, are not only co-existent, but united most harmoniously in the person of Sophia. A native bloom is heightened by an admirable contrast of the fairest complexion; and so perfectly inimitable are the grace and sweetness of so enchanting a combination of beauties, that, had Lady P . . . . . a been a man, she must have fallen in love with an image of her own creating.

LADY A . . . . . A C . . . . . L L.

*Contemplation.*

Too lavish a praise cannot be bestowed on a painting, where propriety of invention, and elegance of execution, are so universal, that to admire one excellence distinctly, would be to detract from that faultless perfection which runs through the whole. An attractive expression of eyes, however rivalled as a master-stroke of the pencil, must be confessed the most powerful among the natural beauties of contemplation. We lament their animation is not directed to some individually happy object, who might convince the sweetly-meditating Fair, that general attachments, however benevolent, are unprofitable. Features so lovely, lose half their charms in silence. They seem to forbid, while they express no sentiments but those of innocence, and intimidate us from venturing to hope, while their fondest delight is *Contemplation*.



2. *The Temple of Vesta.*

We would not willingly (unless from a christian motive) become panegyrist rather than critics: partiality would, in such a case, be deemed a more favored guide than justice—And yet, after almost an ill-natured scrutiny, not a single fault can we find in the piece under examination, whereon censure may be passed without a wanton and indecent severity. The statue of Vesta has unnumbered excellences. The Goddess displays a placid benignity happily portrayed, and finished with a peculiar richness of coloring. Her features are such as must naturally form the likeness of Chastity, and the striking divinity of her person commands our respect while it compels our admiration.

## C . . . . . S S    o f    C . . . . . L E.

*Judith.*

What the sacred Heroine wants in height and dignity, is made up in a nice proportion of limbs, and an expressive confidence of aspect. The splendor of her character is not sufficiently marked in the present distribution of her features, as the deed appears yet undetermined, which gave a subsequent lustre to her name. An undaunted presence of mind seems concealed under a forced, though winning smile, which, however it may disguise the semblance of sullen magnanimity at first sight, gives us a powerful likeness of politic dissimulation, and unshaken fortitude, on a more attentive review. Holofernes has so little of the tyrant in him, that we wonder she even feigns to hesitate.

G

LADY



## LADY A.....A C.....R.

*The Fair Circassian.*

The elegant and very honorable artist has shewn abundance of judgment in her critical management of light and shade. We taste the minutest embellishments of her pencil, and admire the united force of a rich fancy, and correct execution. The fair subject of her labors is a model of grace and loveliness. A softness of complexion, peculiar to the Beauties of Circassia, were too striking and necessary a charm to be omitted by so admirable a Paintress, or unacknowledged by partial Virtuoso in beauty. The many unsuccessful moments they may have passed in so complicated a study, will be amply repaid on the enviable contemplation of Lady A——a's highly-finished portrait.

## D.....SS OF CH.....S.

*Patience on a Monument.*

Shakespeare.

Whether *Patience* was ever found in such a position, is not expressly told us in the words of the Poet. The D—s has not only made her locally existent, but improves so far on Shakespeare's picturesque description, as to give us the reason why. A strange motley figure, *Merry-Andrew* like, appears *teasing and tormenting* her for the charitable purpose of exercising her virtues ; and indeed so comical are his gestures, that we are surpris'd at the fair Lady's composure ; not that she has an opportunity for bursting into tears, but laughter. So totally, however, is her soul estranged from joy, and grief, that she views her uncomfortable companion without the faintest degree of emotion ; nor



is her stoicism ill-placed. Discontent would only refreshen the causes for lamentation; and good-humor must sit so awkwardly on the prudent Dame, thus situated, that we cannot but warmly recommend her well-chosen *sang-froid* to every other Female in the same predicament.

2. *Selima and Azor.*

What humor Cupid could possibly be in, when he linked this couple together, remains yet to be discussed by naturalists in love. Mother Bunch's Tales have uniformly represented Selima as a young lady of no small beauty, and Mrs. Baddeley has kept very close to the spirit of the original. Why therefore the titled artist should have given her such mediocrity of person, is a mystery not easily unravelled. *Azor* is the identical monster we expected to find him; not a jot prettier than his theatrical representative, and equally *from home*, under a melancholy face. Selima's embraces seem *fearfully* cordial, and meet with so *shadowy* a return, that we pity the unsubstantial prerogatives of enchantment. A harmless Monster is admirable company, except *en tête-à-tête*.

Dowager C . . . . . S S    O F    C H . . . . . L L E .

*Captain Macheath.*

Beggars Opera.

We discover the well-trying Soldier in a very torturing dilemma. *How happy could I be with either!* is tolerably benevolent, and a bold word for a Captain; yet his two *pretty buffies* are miserably dissatisfied. Lucy is the more frantic of the two, and, by the splendor of her wedding-clothes, will undoubtedly bear off the prize. *Macheath* is no indifferent.



indifferent purchase; and, from the tenor of his life and actions, we guess, he bears a warrantable partiality to the highest bidder. *Polly* has the more winning allurements of person, and, as she is the actual Wife, will throw some obstacles in the way. Her Rival's *set of features, and complexion*, can never remove them: other considerations may be more effectual.

2. *The Sadducees a second time puzzled.*

How the woman who had been the constant wife of seven husbands in this world, should be disposed of in the next, was a query somewhat puzzling in ancient times. The importunity of modern spouses is by no means so violent as to occasion any such dispute. The Lady would be left to take her free choice, out of gratitude for her good behaviour at a period when more of her sex are offered, than received, in marriage. The painting before us, is a counterpart to the difficulties on the Lady's side. The Sadducees (deeply read in matrimonial subtleties) are portrayed in their official robes, enquiring what would be the lot of the Gentleman, supposing he had tried the genius and temper of seven, or any less number of wives, respectively. From the pale-faced anxiety of their looks, some of the society are certainly interested in the determination. *Heads or Tails* is an exceptionable game, when good women and bad, old women and young, noisy and quiet, are the blanks and prizes.

Dowager LADY C. . . . . D.

*Souls delivered from Purgatory,*

So merry a set of faces could never have been expected out of the confines of this earthly globe: not that we would be thought to have  
discovered



discovered the locality of Purgatory but in the negative way, viz. that it is not hereabouts. One pleasing Female, charmingly attractive in her gait and aspect, appears immoderately desirous to lose sight of her unamiable dungeon, and with great reason. The frightfullest Porter that imagination can conceive, worse than Cerberus, whose three heads are supposed capable of admitting every deformity, is attempting by main force to detain her: he points to a ring on her finger, whereby he claims her person as his lawful property. The rest of her fellow-fugitives are represented preparing to rescue her, declaring that no such contracts are just or permanent.

## MISS C. G. H. . . N.

*Rosalind.*

The fair Paintress must have accurately studied the nice and refined delicacies of Shakespear's character, to have given us so perfect a likeness of the finished portrait he has so inimitably sketched. We recognize every impression we received from the perusal of her romantic attachments, and confess how greatly the Poet is indebted to the Artist for the lively invention, and warm coloring, which so expressively characterise her imitative efforts. Great taste and judgement are manifest in the general disposition of the foliage: the lilies are particularly well placed, as their unvaried whiteness admirably heightens the well-distributed bloom of Rosalind's countenance. An elegance of shape, joined to an uncommon share of vivacity, seldom within compass of a nicely-regulated pencil, are the well-finished *traits* of Rosalind's person. Her features form the most pleasing assemblage of beauties we have yet discovered on canvas.

H

LADY



## L A D Y M . . Y C . K E .

*Edward the Confessor in boots.*

We doubly commend an acknowledged merit of execution, where we can trace no marks of tolerable taste. That a Lady of distinguished reputation, as a well-experienced Artist, should have conceived a partiality for the person of Edward the Confessor, is a matter of surprise. His manners were of so peculiar a cast, that we are amazed he should be brought to life by favor of a female, and one of Lady M—y's sentiments particularly. T—d—ccr's portrait might as well have adorned the bed-chamber of a Courtesan. He sought the path to Heaven—Confessed—but why in boots? So unwieldy fellow-travellers are they, on *any route*, that we cannot conceive them calculated to benefit a less pious *Voyageur*. The strange metamorphose put on this *monster* of a King, has good coloring to recommend it; but it can by no means sell well when ladies are the most liberal bidders.

## L A D Y C . . Y . R S .

*The Rake's Progress.*

The spirit of Buckism is well conceived, and not sparingly delineated, in the person of this truly legitimate son of fire and fun. Her Ladyship has given us only six sketches of his different departments in life, and the sixth terminates in matrimony. His figure is well out out for business, and the well-chosen gaiety of his dress equally an object of partial admiration *pour les Dames*. The wedded pair in the last act, are quite happy in the period of their honey-moon. Their felicity is splendidly colored, but of very fading materials.

2. *The*



2. *The H—lot's Progreſs.*

Lady C——s has many compliments to pay the Preſident of her right honorable academy, for diſpoſing her pieces in ſuch an excellent point of view. No W——, of modern or ancient date, was ſituated to better advantage. The *Hyæna* enticements of her perſon are well finiſhed, and pictured from the life. A nice regularity is preſerved between the two paintings, which are as fit companions as the wedded couple in each of their laſt portraitures.

3. *Calypſo.*

Hiſtory tells us ſhe was an unconſcionable *Demi-rep*, and we find no reaſon to doubt its authenticity. *Telemachus* is wiſely left out, as the artiſt feared he never could have ſtood the teſt. Her figure is well deſigned, and an alluring delicacy of perſuaſion nicely diſtributed throughout her features. The Archbiſhop of Cambray tells us ſhe was inconſolable for the loſs of Ulyſſes: Lady C——s never thought ſo, or ſhe would have given her a leſs decoying flexibility of face: or, perhaps the well-read P——ſ judged it a fashionable ſolemnity of aſpect, introduced on the loſs of a firſt Huſband, which the Archbiſhop had never the leaſt conception of.

C . . . . . S S . O F C . . K E .

*Grief:—A counterpart to PATIENCE, by the D——ſs of C——.*

Shakeſpear lends us a ſecond liſt, equally improved with his former elegant and valuable boon. As his fancied character of *Patience* was preſented without *the ſmile*, by means of *Grief's* abſence, ſo the latter perſonage



personage is more abundantly overwhelmed with affliction, from the want of her companion's striking admonition. Her sorrow even partakes of a wretched insanity; so tumultuous is the excess of those tears which interest us in the discovery of their source. Beauty is no attendant on distresses so violent; nor can we conceive any very striking *traits* of an elegant face, should *Grief* divest herself of such uncourtly lamentation. A moderate advance in years may possibly give occasion to the conjecture.

## C . . . . . S S    O F    C . V . . . . . Y.

*The Ambitious Step-Mother.*

Enough of malicious ill-nature, without a jot of grandeur or dignity. In a word, the painting is miserably designed, wretchedly proportioned, and as ill colored. Ambition has ever been portrayed as terrifying; nor is the strength of such an idea by any means violated, though the sublimity of her terror is, we suppose, beyond the pencil of lady C——. Her haughty Step-mother presents us with nothing but the insolent and ill-mannerly distinctions of vulgar scurrility, and illiberal *Billingsgate*. When ambition is *thus* stedfast in compassing its ends, we judge those ends to be of the same unamiable cast with the passion that instigates their acquisition.

## L A D Y   C . . . . T . . . . Y.

*The Death of Virginia.*

We gaze, we wonder, yet without a sentiment of admiration. Virginia is plump, and decently put together, but not a tint of softness or chastity. Like the well-judging maiden who pronounced her present  
sent



sent existence as comparatively more precious than the uninterrupted possession of comfortless virginity, this rigid victim to the preservation of her honor, seems powerfully anxious for a struggle with her mortal antagonists. So unwelcome a refuge is by no means to her taste. Life *has sweeter charms to prove*, and furnishes a list of inestimables, well suited to the purpose of kicking up her adversary's scale. The Paintress has not irretrievably killed her; so that the countenances of the gaping personages in the scene, discover some hopes of her out-living the dangers of so menacing a calamity.

## LADY C . . V . N.

*Hercules mistaken. A fancied Piece.*

Fiction (as Waller assures us) is more captivating in poetry than truth. Something like it may be affirmed of a painting, where our senses are gratified at the expence of our reason. The Choice of Hercules has ever been considered as an admirable precedent for moral imitation; and no doubt was ever entertained of the pious orthodoxy of his decision. Lady C—n tells us another story; and, by partially destroying the original likenesses of Virtue and Pleasure, so blinds the infatuated god, that he offers his hand, incontinently, to the least scrupulous of the candidates. Virtue is drawn rigidly severe, and of unpitying aspect, pointing to a lonely cell overgrown with poisonous weeds, and subject to every inclemency of the season. Pleasure or Vice forms an amiable contrast in person and sentiment. With a well-distributed mixture of the rose and lily, she displays such an artless and alluring serenity, that Hercules must have been the gloomiest of philosophers, to have withstood so powerful a mistress of magical dissimulation.



2. *The Lamia.*

An irresistible softness liberally supplies the want of more sublime attractions. The neck and breasts are colored with judgment and delicacy, though they bear too great a resemblance to the human form. Deceit is portrayed with great life and accurate invention in the disposition of her features.

MRS. C . . W E.

*Venus de Medicis.*

Those never-wearied Virtuosi, who visit the remotest cities rather to see than admire the choice curiosities they contain, have had a glimpse of the Goddess in her original beauty. More moderate enquirers, who have neither the opportunity nor the wish to go so far astray, must content themselves with a copy that bids fair to rival the model from whence its lineaments are traced. The Mother of *Cupid* is a stranger to grandeur and magnificence. Her immortal carver, who ought at least by this time to have been deified, has so described her; and Mrs. C—— is too correct a limner to deviate from so indisputable an authority. If the most powerful alliance of *kindred beauties* that has ever yet centered in one faultless form, can move our rapture and admiration, we shall be ravished here without fear of a recovery. An inspired painter is not a character unheard of; and surely the fair De-lineatress of *Venus* has quaffed most abundantly at the sacred spring. If mortals may claim the presidency of the fountain, the legality of her title is beyond dispute.

2. *Pygmalion*



2. *Pygmalion in love with his Statue.*

The picturesque is nicely considered, and advantageously disposed. Pygmalion is quite the enraptured lover, and discovers a combination of passions, executed with distinct taste and admirable propriety. His statue even appears to breathe, so closely does it realize every other human perfection. To admire its several beauties too long, were dangerous to a soul formed of as pliant materials as Pygmalion's.

## D . . . . S S    o f    C . . B . . . . D.

*Esther.*

Enthusiastic admirers have so copious a subject for wanton panegyric, in the piece before us, that we leave its minute and truly critical excellences to the flowery rhetoric of their very eloquent fancies. Less elegance of diction, with a total rejection of the *climax*, will suit our conciseness better. *Esther* is by no means a goddess of academical idolatry. Her figure is more engaging than sublime. A pair of bewitching dark eyes compose the striking beauty of her *traits de visage*, and win us by the amiable benevolence they expand over the symmetry of her features. The pencil of the Royal Artist is equally chaste with the character she describes, and seems well calculated to express the united moderation of elegance and energy.

2. *The Libertine reclaimed.*

Richness of coloring, tempered with the judicious softness of a correct imagination, is the most considerable qualification in a truly great  
and



and excellent Artist. The D—s's second composition possesses the pleasing assemblage in an eminent degree. Her Libertine is portrayed in an important and lively style; and the Authoress of so unexpected a reformation discovers the genuine polish of a warm, but cautious luxuriance of genius. Mute astonishment appears seated on his visage, and somewhat awkwardly; but the effect is heightened. A stedfast and graceful composure of features could not have formed the immediate substitute of libertinism; so that we allow the recovering Debauchee to look somewhat like a *Fool*, for the sake of propriety.

HONORABLE MRS. D . . . R.

*Ceyx and Alcyone.*

Alcyone was one of the fondest wives in the registers of matrimony: Ceyx was as good a husband.—What a pity they should ever have been parted! Fate, either foreseeing that their affection would prove unstable, or unwilling to put the quarrelsome Celestials to the blush, shipwrecked this *rara avis* (*corbeau blanc*) of a Husband, and calmly permitted his importunate Widow to cry her eyes out. They became a pair of doves some weeks after, and make a new match every Valentine's day. Alcyone is drawn weeping, in conformity with history; but such a style of lamentation was hardly ever existent. We should soften the absurdity, were we to say she laughed and cried by fits. To our ideas, she sheds tears from the excess of merriment, so strangely are her features in opposition to every thing dismal.

C . . . . S S



C . . . . , S S    O F    D . . . . . T H .

*Pharaoh's Daughter.*

The softer virtues are well expressed in the amiable countenance of the Personage before us. Her figure is drawn with abundant delicacy, and finished by the corrective hand of nice and critical propriety. Benevolence seems to have been the Artist's *forte*. The choice and execution of her subject are well suited to display its beauties to the most powerful advantage, as no character could have admitted the impressions of Lady D——'s pencil more happily than Pharaoh's Daughter.

CHEVALIERE D'E . . .

*Pope Joan.*

Abstract reasoners will possibly maintain that her Holiness would never have existed unless the fatal vengeance denounced against the mother of mankind had taken place. Deep speculation apart, she paid however very dearly for the offence of her *Grandame*, and her own misplaced ambition. *In sorrow shalt thou bring forth Children*, was a sentence critically inflicted on her supposed infallibility, at a moment when she felt its anguish most poignantly. Scrupulous delicacy has prevented the female Artist from discovering the distressing dilemma to which her Heroine was reduced, in spite of pontifical concealments; so that we are engaged in viewing the simple portrait of this shrewd, though disappointed, vicegerent of St. Peter. Her features possess a studied flexibility, admirably expressive of that fund of political machination which characterised her extraordinary conduct.

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C . . . . . S S



## C . . . . . SS OF D . . BY.

*The Hamadryads.*

These *oak*-loving Damsels were so immoderately attached to woods and forests, and so uniformly devoted to the rustic simplicity of their own *parties de campagne*, that we are a little surprised the fair Paintress should have given them such unchaste countenances. An irregularity of morals must certainly have crept in among them of late years, but to what cause it can be attributed we can by no means discover. The sage and venerable *Druids* cannot surely have recovered their youth, and persuaded the sisterhood that so indiscreet a change of manners were political. A truly elegant and sublime Writer describes them as preserving the same reverential and harmless old-age which was ever their character, and no poetical authority has contradicted the solemn insipidity of their hallowed conversation. How the Hamadryads could have been amorously inclined remains therefore a doubt. One, the fairest in complexion, if not the most enchantingly formed, of her society, seems to have been married. The obedience shewn her by her less deep-read comrades, can arise from no other cause, as the apparent eagerness of their enquiries bears with it every mark of aversion to burthensome virginity. Contemptuous unconcern is profusely written on her features, and a satiety of *dryad* enjoyments abundantly legible in the general tenor of her person.

2. *Ruth lying at the feet of Boaz.*

The sacred Petitioner has much of the persuasive, without a proportion of that humble piety which we have hitherto conceived inseparable



nable from the rectitude of her sentiments. Boaz has a fine blue eye, and borders irresistibly on the athletic. We were taught to expect no hesitation in either personage; but that unscriptural communication of mutual good-will which the Artist has given the parties, is certainly very unorthodox. Ruth seems terrified at the apprehension of being surprised, and her captivated Swain urges the impropriety of her fears in so consolatory a style, that the liveliest comment will very insufficiently describe the peculiar warmth and vigorous success of his arguments.

D . . . . S S    o f    D . . . . . R. E.

*Cymon and Iphigene.*

Whether apathy may be deemed a happiness, or a misfortune, is not yet settled to the general satisfaction of mankind. Cymon's original ought to speak very learnedly on the subject, so totally does his painted representative seem wrapt up in the study of it. His figure (if the person of a man may be admitted as the proxy of his sentiments) votes in favour of its convenience. Iphigene is as beautiful as we could wish to find her, and plays off as potent an artillery of irresistible graces as any woman can do, yet without the least change of symptoms in her very eccentric admirer. So thoroughly unmoved a lover is quite an inexplicable character. He has even forgot to acknowledge the Poet's compliment by *whistling*. How the Rustic can remain lifeless in the possession of so enviable a divinity, (for surely *Iphigene* is of mortal shape only through condescension) is strangely mysterious. He may be a Philosopher, though the rashly-judging world will be induced to put a less favorable construction on the simplicity of his looks.

2. *Adam's*



2. *Adam's admiration on the first sight of Eve.*

The Garden of Eden is richly decked, and the profusion of its flowers well calculated to throw additional beauties on the fairest object of creation. Eve, as the Mother of Womankind, possesses in their original lustre, all those admirable graces which have been so copiously shared among her numerous progeny. The dignity of Adam's surprise is by no means paradisiacal: perhaps he has not thoroughly shaken off those dusty materials which impede the progress of sentiment, however they may add to the consequence of personal attractions. His features appear distorted, as under the tyranny of wild amazement, and form a ridiculous contrast to that celestial serenity of aspect which so amiably distinguishes his fair consort.

3. *The Careless Husband. Drawn from the life.*

A moderate flow of life and good spirits will be insufficient to keep the spectator awake who contemplates this highly-finished specimen of modern matrimony. So excellently has the D—s portrayed the dronish subject of her piece, that we almost catch the infection, and yawn in sympathy. His apartments are elegant, his dress splendid, and his Lady a model of perfection; and yet the touch of Morpheus's wand has rendered him insensible to the worth of such substantial blessings. The affectionate chastity of his fair Partner is as remarkable as the *stupor* of her Husband. She waits for the return of his waking moments with visible anxiety.—Few wives would consent to so uncomfortable an office.

C.....SS



C . . . . . S S   D . . . . . F F .

*Madame de Pompadour.*

Some respect might have been shewn the Mistress of a *Prince*, were not her sex a sufficient argument for relaxing the severity of indiscriminate candor. This female scourge, in painted criticism, has given *Pompadour* a set of features that seem to insist on, rather than gently win, the partiality *du grand Monarque*; but, an unmerciful reflexion on her Heroine's assurance, if it should not affect the scrupulous delicacy of the *Dames de la Cour*, must, however, be considered as a general satire on royal W—s. The C—fs will do wrong to *travel*; for, though the chastity of British morals may protect, and even approve, her very christian abhorrence of every thing impudent, her Ladyship will experience a far different treatment *in the Courts of foreign Princes*. Her portraits will be held in paltry estimation, where *a wanton eye, a brazen aspect*, and a most *amorously-menacing tout-ensemble*, make admirable originals, but insufferable likenesses.

L A D Y   E D . . . S T . . E .

*Goody Two-Shoes.*

Well educated, we warrant! So dutiful and well-behaved, so complaisant and good-humoured! and it has got a little Play-mate, yes, it has.—At what period of life the Paintress intended to represent her favorite Damsel, we cannot discover. She is too tall for leading-strings, and not big enough to be trusted alone. History (and the tradition is by no means profane) acquaints us, she invariably pursued

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the exemplary plan of doing as she was bid; and it is perhaps on this account the Artist, by consent of Mamma, has ventured to paint her without restraint. The young Gentleman, who is playing with her for *kisses*, seems a peevish little fellow. His countenance is a composition of pride and furliness; and, though he has all the *pictured cards* in the pack, he sulks at his good fortune: surely, so lucky a Player must like the game, however he may disapprove of his Partner.

## C . . . . . S S    o f    E . . . . X.

*Diana.*

We have heard of *chaste Diana*, and *pale-faced Diana*, and even *cruel Diana*; but how the present painting can be said to represent the attributes either of modesty, softness, or un pitying virginity, is beyond the extent of moderate comprehension. The quiver-bearing Goddess is delectably attended by a pack of yelping curs, who (exclusive of the full moon) form the only cognizance which could at all distinguish their Mistress from the *coursing females* of contemptible mortality; and they indeed bear no very striking affinity to Celestials in the symmetry of their limbs. DIANA, inscribed on their collars in very legible characters, is the least doubtful distinction of the two, and shews at the same time the affection of the triformed Deity, and the little faith she put in the honesty of her Sister-divinities. The reader must not suppose us ignorant of fabulous history, when we add that she bears no other *traits* of the trusty and well-beloved Ranger of Jove's woods and forests. An audacious front, threatening features, and a fierceness of aspect, form this modern, and indeed original, resemblance of the Virgin-Huntress. If ancient gems or medals bear a similar face with Lady E—x's, we are unjust and partial critics.



2. *The House of Commons. The coloring faded.*

The perspective is well observed, and the Sp--k-r placed in a good light. We cannot exactly discern individuals among the Members of this honorable House of Convocation, though one vociferous Representative (as the violence of his attitude expresses) is very like the person of Governor J——. The galleries are immoderately full; and there reigns such confusion in those upper regions of animosity, that the Minority must, *Hibernicè*, compose a majority, or the insult would be construed into a direct and open violation of his Majesty's wholesome authority. One Lady appears most fearfully frantic, and menaces such abundant damage to the *perruques* of her female opponents, that we lament the piece was finished before the general devastation.

## LADY F.....TH.

*Lady Brute.*

The Provoked Wife.

Where could have been the provocation, when *Sir John* sleeps amicably on one side the dressing-room, and *my Lady's* brace of *Cicisbeo's* keep her in amorous parley on the other? Ill-natured Old Maids may affirm very cogently, that the Knight had much of the *Brute*; but their equal antagonists, Old Bachelors, will swear her Ladyship partook as liberally of *the Beast*. The Artist has given her a dignity of figure, and a moderate share of grace; which gives us reason to conjecture, that, when *Sir John* enquired, in the Comedy, whether his friends *sincerely* thought her *a fine woman*, he intended to contrast the deformities of her mind with the beauties of her person.

2. *The*



2. *The Dust-Cart.*

Shall I, who ride above the rest,  
Be by a paltry crowd oppress?

Terrified at the retort of "D—n your sentiments!" we begin immediately on the descriptive. The Cart has nothing to decry or recommend it. It retains a moderate proportion of dirt to support its character as an official agent: it may be called *a patient*; but the distinction is immaterial, as critics of every denomination will subscribe to its being a Cart. For the Horses—how shall we introduce them in a style equally dignified with the pomp and magnificence with which they baffle all sublimity, prosaic or poetical? To our Learned Readers we recommend *Ovid's* description of the Sun's steeds: to our Fair Perusers, *Garth's* translation; for, though the Ladies would have loved the Latin Poet to their hearts, they possibly may not be equally partial to his dialect.—But to the Cart again—Its female Charioteer is decently habited; and, did not her features betray a dirty sympathy with the vehicle she *rides in*, we should have judged her rank more elevated than we can now venture to suppose it.

3. *The Lady's Last Stake.*

From a combination of circumstances, we presume hypocrisy, or rather finished deceit, is the subject of this Lady's third piece. A Female, drooping (to appearance) under the complicated weight of various maladies, is discovered entering into the state of matrimony with a Gentleman of rank and consequence, if we may judge by the elegance



gance of his apartments, and dress. Amidst her great and ponderous distresses, the Fair-one wears a smile of approbation, explanatory of something mysterious in the conduct of the plot. The Witnesses to the Marriage are all in broad laughter; and the Physician who assists to raise her on the couch, for the purpose of more commodiously performing the ceremony, seems to have some *small, very small* hopes of her recovery. The faces are well executed, and the poor Husband portrayed in a truly awkward situation.

ELIZ. Dowager V . . . . . S S G . . . . Y.

*L'aimable Mélange.*

A considerable share of pains appears to have been taken in finishing the above truly splendid painting. Its subject is well expressed by the title, though so concise an explanation cannot minutely point out every distinct personage on the scene. The *Virtues* are severally represented by female figures, whose distinguishing attitudes are portrayed with characteristic propriety. Every elegant accomplishment, which the mind or person can admit of, is emblematically described, and personified with an original and refined taste. The numerous groupe are so ingeniously disposed, that they by no means crowd on the eye; and the portrait of a Lady, to whom they pay general attention, placed in so admirable a point of view, that it must of necessity be the first object of the spectator's admiration.

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D . . . . S S



## D . . . . S S    o f    G . . . . . R .

*Cleopatra.*

We told her H——s, some months before the appearance of her piece, that it was faulty, that it would be severely criticised, and that its defects were visible to an ordinary *Connoisseur*. The R—l self-willed Artist was deaf to counsel; and, though we religiously consented to observe every ceremonious punctuality, due to a P—s of the B—d, we experienced no other treatment than the grossest indignity. Cleopatra is drawn morose, revengeful, and insolent; and even those misplaced and unamiable peculiarities, are executed without propriety or taste. Her figure has much of the falsely-magnificent—But, lest we should be thought to have condemned its glaring errors through ill-will, we conscientiously confess there are worse portraits in the collection.

2. *Jobson and Nell.*

## The Devil to Pay.

By the irresistible power of metamorphose, a well-deserving Knight's less exemplary Spouse became the Consort of an honest, but wilful Cocker. Each had ample matter for surprise on the event of the morning. *Nell's* first Husband had been as distinguished for sweetness of temper, as his Lady for the harsher accomplishments. In *Jobson's* case, the distributions of good and evil were diametrically reversed, so that the magically-married couple could never have been on amicable terms after sun-rise. Her H——s has sketched her painting at  
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the interesting moment when the poor Mender of Soles is first saluted with the loud discordance of *Lady Termagant's* inharmonious accents, and with great and commendable correctness in the person of her Ladyship, who (as the title expresses) is no longer considered but as the acknowledged and identical representative of *Nell*. *Jobson's* figure is far inferior to that of his importunate Doxy, and indeed by no means in character. It is true he lifts up the strap, but at the same time appears conscious of his inability to pacify a scolding woman. History describes him as a very different Husband, so that we guess the Artist painted him thus timid, out of contempt.

L A D Y B . . . . . A G . . . D.

*Jupiter and Danaë.*

Danaë is rather an insipid *brunette*, and unworthy the *tendresse* of so handsome a young fellow as *Jove* is represented. She has her lap full of gold: *Old stories* tell us the God threw it there; but, from the grandeur of her prison, we rather think it her original property, and that the Sire of Deities turned fortune-hunter for an orthodox example to the less potent issue of his almighty loins. The rich Heiress's Father is himself engaged in *dalliance soft*, and Danaë appears unwilling to lose so blessed an opportunity for an elopement.

D . . . . . S S O F G R . . . . . N.

*Fatima.*

Cymon.

That those who profess a violent attachment to the indulgence of their own inclinations, should become subordinate to the despotism of enchantment,



chantment, is certainly a most unfortunate fate, and, we think, the only one that could prompt a woman to the act of suicide. *Bonoro*, a good magician, for the sake of his friend *Cymon*, compelled the loquacious *Fatima* to confine her conversation to the simple monosyllables of *yes* and *no*. The Lady consented—because it was fruitless to resist. The figures are well coloured, and tolerably designed; but no one can imagine, who has not tried the experiment, how foolish a woman looks when she is compelled to hold her tongue. Such awkward inanity of expression the D—fs has hit off admirably in *Fatima*. *Bonoro* may very truly be said to have dealings with the devil, for he looks *black* enough for his cousin-german.

MRS. G . . . . M, LATE MRS. MAC . . . . Y.

*Cassandra.*

This poor Damsel had a very indifferent fate too; but she had leave to babble. However, Apollo so brought it about, that no one gave credit to a syllable she uttered. Curious enquirers will ask the reason—we will satisfy them in a whisper, while we beg our Fair Readers will proceed to the next picture. Amorous *Sol*, being on a ramble through *Troy*, met with this fraudulent miracle of chastity, and was fool enough, after bargaining for her virginity, to make her a present of an invaluable and rare commodity, (the gift of prophecy) on the supposition that she would keep her word, and spend an evening with him at an adjoining tavern. *Cassandra*, when she had fast hold of her purchase, refused to make the agreement valid, and laughed at the credulity of *the God of Wisdom*. Apollo knew good-breeding too well to take away the present; but, by his omnipotence over men's intellectual faculties,



faculties, got her universally derided by Greeks and Trojans as a lying Gypsy. Mrs. G——m has not given her character too large a share of virgin modesty. The cozening Prophetess looks both old and lascivious ; so that she certainly cheated poor *Phæbus* for the sake of some younger *Amoroso*.

*Old Margaret.*

The Duenna.

Cunning *little Isaac* trims her unmercifully ; but she well deserves it. So ugly and fiend-like a B—— was hardly ever committed to Bridewell, for the purpose of doing laborious penance for the sins of her youth. She parries his strokes very decently with a folio volume of the History of England, though the covers are miserably mauled, and the leaves scattered by the power of opposition. The æconomical *Jew* points to her head-dress, as equally inordinate with her appetite, and promises a vigorous attack, which she prepares to resist *Cap-à-pie*. This extraordinary Artist burnt a very good piece, of her own composition, some weeks ago. The title was, *The Splendid Birth-Day, or The Bath Installation*, and the painting not ill executed.

C . . . . S S O F G R . . . . D.

*Portrait of a Dancing Bear.*

His Reverence's stubborn hide, and uncouth gestures, are quite in character ; but how the amiable P——fs could choose so forbidding a subject for the exercise of her pencil, borders somewhat on the marvellous. A very elegant Female is represented tutoring the ungraceful animal, who is very far from consenting to be brought en

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train.



*train.* His paws are abundantly shaggy ; and, if we may judge of his docility by the *bearish* rudeness he exhibits, the pretty Damsel has no reason to be pleased with her situation. So unmannerly a Dancer may be a harmless character on canvas ; but woe to the poor woman who trusts herself too near the Original !

## L A D Y G . . . . . C H .

*An old Woman clothed in Grey.*

Collection of Old Ballads.

A fine and excellently-studied contrast is visible betwixt the well-designed features of *Mother* and *Daughter*. The sage Matron, who, by the bye, has more the appearance of a *Grand-mamma*, lectures the *deluded* Fair-one most uncharitably on the subject of an inconsiderable *faux-pas*. Her admonition is accompanied with a profound gravity of aspect, put on by climacterical Ladies before company. Severity of visage cannot have been her invariable study ; for her complexion still preserves an alluring softness, seldom discoverable in the *rigid* disciplinarians of either sex. Her well-beloved, though roughly-handled *Daughter*, is equally *charming* ; and, to judge by her simplicity, as *young* as the ancient ballad describes her. She joins a lovely and well-shaped person to as *riant* a set of features as we have ever met with ; and while, with one eye, the Hypocrite appears seriously moved at the Old Lady's prudent counsel, glances with the other at a very personable Young Fellow, peeping from behind the screen, who seems humming a second part to "*My Mother did so before me.*"

M R S.



MRS. G . . F F . . . S.

*Thalia.*

Whether Mrs. G—— took her very excellent portrait from that of Covent-Garden Theatre, or suffered Signor C—— to copy from her original, cannot yet be ascertained. The likeness is so strong, that no one will hesitate to assert the existence of an obligation on one side. *Thalia* has every requisite to distinguish her as the Comic Muse; and possesses an abundant vivacity, tempered with critical moderation. This Lady bids fair to rival the most ingenious of her contemporaries, in the style of painting she has adopted. We have seen and admired several of her pieces, and only recommend to her a less degree of studied elegance; a fault seldom committed, and which she may easily avoid by a minuter imitation of *Teniers*.

LADY G . . V . . . R.

*The Sybil's Leaves.*

In the excess of her phrensy, the Sybil scattered those leaves which contained her momentous and oracular traditions; and, as mankind in those days were more diligently inquisitive, in things of consequence, than their children of the present generation, some of the most zealous partizans of the times were at the trouble of patching them. Like *modern papers*, they were seldom satisfactorily collected, and when they were together, very insufficiently repaid the pains of an interpretation. Lady G——r's Sybil is a very engaging figure, and not immoderately deformed, under the violence of her mad fit. What may be the subject of her inspiration, we have in vain attempted to discover. Some of the sacred scraps are of a good size,  
and



and afford copious matter for abstruse speculation. Ourselves, who are but modern wits, and shallow—synonymously, are at a loss to read the hand-writing. It is a most lamentable scrawl, and, if celestial, does no honour to Apollo's penmanship. The signature of C—B—D is visible on some loose *morceaus*. Possibly he was Secretary to the whole Society of Heathen Deities, and, being generally employed in penning amorous Epistles, found his hand fail him in a weightier correspondence.

### 2. *The Woman taken in Adultery.*

She has the consummate impudence to beckon her more moderate Fellow-criminal, with a view of persuading him to look on their interruption merely as a *Badinage*. The independant Paintress has pourtray'd her offending Heroine, as a common *Fille-de-joie*; and, though the term may be considered as misapplied, when we confess her to have been married, the force of its allusion will remain the same. The shame-faced Adulterer has some principles of honour lurking about him, which very powerfully prevail on him to turn his back on the angry Courtesan. Her vengeance is prevented from taking effect, by an ungentle compulsion on the part of the Sadducees, who were a set of men so piously inclined, that they hardly admitted any such impurity of conversation, even in an honourable way.

### 3. *The Amorous Miser.*

Old *Gripe* is forc'd to draw his purse-strings, and for the last purpose we should have imagined—to gratify the rapacious inclinations of his *Mistress*.—Her charms are too invitingly displayed, for even a Miser to resist; and, though he seems anxious to give her pleasure, in a less expensive way, by paying her demands, with the distant contemplation  
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of his treasure, he cannot put such inhuman violence on his affection, as to refuse her a more tangible gratification. Her features are admirably formed to ensnare, and want no finished subtlety to recommend their irresistible attractions.

L A D Y G . . S T O N.

*The W—— of Babylon.*

Out upon thee, my Lady G—ston ! How could the Lady President have suffered thee to introduce so public an example of her sex's frailty, among the many chaste and virtuous pieces that adorn this splendid collection ? Common notoriety had been excusable, as many Ladies of the *strictest honor* have painted W——s of decent character and moderate principles, but that so inordinate and infamous a liver should have intruded on the regular mediocrity of scandal, which characterises the portraits and sentiments of such respectable artists, is insufferable. Every Lady will think it a personal satire on herself, for the Babylonish *Impenitent* possesses a combination of all the deformities, which could have been ever individually distributed among the *fairer* or *fouler* apostates of the three kingdoms.

L A D Y H . . . L T O N.

*Ancient Pistol. Much damaged.*

The battered Hero is so peculiarly in the stile of our last century beaux, that had not Lady H——— given him a title of remoter antiquity, we should have pronounced her portrait rather a copy from Congreve than Shakespeare. To those unhappy *rustics*, who still remain unedified by the sight of *Astley's amphitheatre*, Ancient Pistol must, though with great injustice, appear a *lusus naturæ*.

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The very many extraordinary positions, which repeatedly astonish the frequenters of so liberal a repository, will have familiarised the *intelligent* to circumstances of vulgar admiration, and to such, a nice and well-directed curve from the *toupee* to the *breast buckle* may seem but an obsolete Merry-Andrew trick to catch the misplaced wonders of the mob. That braggard and menacing air of self-approbation, which Shakespeare describes in coloring his victorious knight errant, on the sanguinary plains of *blank verse*, is excellently caught by Lady H——'s pencil, and conveys with it a sarcasm so forcible, that we cannot hesitate a moment to condemn the *important nothing* her Ladyship so *feelingly* reproves.

DOWAGER C——SS OF H.....GT.N.

1. *Artemisia erecting a Tomb to Mausolus.*

Who could have believed the love of woman were estimable at so high a rate? And indeed this exemplary affection was after death, when, as moral injunctions become less effective, the sentiments of the heart are proportionably liberal. Artemisia spent the whole of her *jointure* in building a Mausoleum. By Lady H——'s painting it appears a most prodigious edifice; but as the genius of modern widows has been uniformly averse to build on so extravagant a foundation, we cannot find a *wreck* of any such *posthumous* structure, whereby we may pass judgment on Lady H——'s architecture. The person of Artemisia herself borders *sur l'embonpoint*, and very faintly bespeaks a heart swollen with affliction. She is represented swallowing the ashes of her deceased Lord. Were it a cup of nectar, the draught had not been more palatable. But perhaps the excess of joy in her countenance proceeds from a reflexion



flexion that the faithfulest of wives could not have entombed her husband's remains, *plus a son gré*.

2. *The Ephesian Matron.*

This very excellent Paintress must surely have had a *vision*, so cordially does she seem attached to monuments of death. The second piece has a less sumptuous tomb to recommend it than the first, and a widow more moderately fond than Artemisia. Her grief is by no means inconsolable. The kind condolences of an *athletic* foldier have so far calmed the wildness of her lamentation, as to effect a renewal of her wonted serenity. History assures us she often admitted the Colonel to her private parties in her husband's life-time; and (which is more incredible) that she flew to his arms the moment she became a widow; but the chastity of Lady H——'s pencil would not suffer her to give sanction to so scandalous and improbable a report. Her timid *Matron* only reclines on the bosom of her consolatory advocate, and displays so enviable a resignation, that we wonder any one should have attributed a hurry of affection to one so peculiarly formed for the regular conduct of a siege.

C ——— S S O F H . . . . . G T . N.

*Castor and Pollux.*

Two such lovely youths were not born to be the permanent delight of an admiring world, though so ardent was their mutual affection, that the son of Jupiter indulged the request of his less potent Brother, at the constant expence of half a year's immortality. Their portraits are beautifully drawn; a redundancy of coloring



(if the term be pronounced admissible) is judiciously distributed throughout their features, and an elegant proportion of grace, and softness critically observed in the lineaments which so amiably distinguish them. A more considerable share of *womanish* simplicity, than falls to the share of such full-grown young men is discoverable in the innocence of their smiles, and as the *martial-spirited* Ladies of earlier times were less restrained in their sentiments than those of modern date, possibly the right honorable Artist may have sketched the *twin sisters* of the star-crested pair, in the attractive and military *accoutrements* of their Brothers.

### CHARLOTTE H . . . S.

*The Mother Abbess, and her Nuns disfiguring their Features.*

RAPIN's Hist. of England.

The insult (if we remember right) was planned, and somewhat unceremoniously, by the *Danes*. These *Saxon* Virgins were to be the victims of hostile brutality, and, which was doubly calamitous, violently against their wills. An extraordinary resolution, as rashly moved, as entered into, for defence, saved them the indignity, at the expence of their lips and noses. But this was ancient severity. Such ruinous extremities are no longer needful, since propositions become less categorical, and terms of reply are invariably backed with the consideration of *a saving clause*. Charlotte's painting partakes somewhat of the *modern school*. Her Nuns profess an unconquerable aversion to so inhuman a *ne plus u'tra* (*malheur sans remede*) and though the fatal instruments of execution menace an immediate discharge of their unwelcome office, we cannot think  
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the tender creatures mean any harm, so sweetly do they simper on the rueful occasion. Their pious mother seems no novice in the mysteries of *state-policy*, and, however the title of the piece may describe her joining in the general violation, she surely proposes a different mode of conduct, and deprecating so inglorious a death counsels them courageously *to meet the Danes*, but at all events, *to meet them*.

H O N O R A B L E M R S. H . B . . T.

*Venus waking Love.*

“ Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.” MILTON’S *Comus*.

So lavish have been the praises paid to the immortal genius, who created this beautiful idea for Fancy-painting, that we should be said to idolize the Artist were we to affirm her equally inimitable with the great Original, from whom she has borrowed the admirable subject of her piece. Poetry and Painting have ever gone hand-in-hand, and *Milton* can by no means regret the loss of sight, when blessed with so fair and imitative a conductress as Mrs. H——. Her *Venus* has considerable beauty, and much wantonness. The rapturous smile of satisfaction she displays on *Cupid*’s awakening, is well-conceived, and heightened by a luxuriance of coloring, enchantingly expressive of her character as the benignant Mother of Love.

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M I S S



## MISS H. T. H. M.

*Lavinia bathing.*

THOMPSON'S Seasons.

On contemplating the inexpressible loveliness of the too-charming object we are presented with, we doubt whether the world can produce so finished a model of captivating perfection. The Virgin-efforts of Miss H——'s fancy must have formed an image drawn from the rich and cultured fields of voluptuous invention, and called it *Lavinia*, for the most finished beauties we have yet admired, fraught with every combined attraction of art and nature, are but as the Nymphs which surrounded Diana, when placed in competition with this equally unrivalled divinity. Comments are but idly perplexing, when the excess of native charms surpasses the most abundant eloquence of description.

## DOWAGER V—— S S H...

*Thetis presenting Achilles with Armour from Vulcan.*

Achilles had certainly a Brother, whom we never dreamt of, and without doubt he was High-admiral of all the *Grecian small-craft*. He is drawn in the back scene, and looks the Tar to perfection. *Thetis'* constitution can never have been suited to salt-water; nor can so decrepid a *Mediocrete* of Figure in one regularly brought up in the very heart of the ocean, be judged at all commendatory to the admired practice of *seasonable* bathing. Achilles makes a plump grenadier, and has all the milky virtues necessary to stamp him a most dutiful son. His Armour has not suffered by the  
*Voyage,*



*Voyage*, and like the maiden sword of *Prince John* in *Harry the Fourth* shews more brilliancy than service. The Second Son of Lady H— painted the person of Achilles some months ago, and in the same lifeless stile with *his Mamma*. Misplaced shades and faint coloring seem to have been a striking failing in the Family.

DOWAGER C——SS OF H.....DON.

1. *The Slough of Despond.*

Pilgrim's Progress.

So dirty a subject might be judged ill qualified for the production of her Ladyship's pencil, did we not consider that she had long since wisely foregone the nice and scrupulous considerations of an affected delicacy. A mixture of horror and contempt is painted in the features of those cautiously-stepping personages, who view their luckless fellow-adventurer deeply immersed in the filthy swamp of inextricable obscurity, and indeed so profound and offensive a bog cannot but excite a shivering sensation of felicity in the wary and clear-sighted travellers who have stept back from its perdition, *on the brink*. A fearfully-visaged female, swoln with reproachful indignation, appears with a *ghastly smile*, embittering the poor criminal's ill-favored moments with the reflexion, that he might, like her, have avoided so unchristian a calamity. She points to the comfortable shelter of a self-created faith; and, though in the act of gasping for breath, he seems to reprove her, for adopting tenets of her own establishing, her *very pious* effrontery will no doubt prevail on her to retort on him, that the *proud rocks* of contemptuous *supererogation* are a warmer and drier *Habitation* than the *Slough of Despond*.

2. *Miniature*



2. *Miniature of Whitfield.*

The generality of our readers have seen the person of *the holy man*. To those, who dearly loved him, he has left more heart-easing comforts than the contemplation of his image. To those, who revolted from his efficacious supremacy, a comment on his features will not afford the smallest gratification. We shall therefore omit any strictures on the texture of his visage. Less pains have been taken in portraying the person of a *Religieuse*, who is drawn meditating on the Beauties of the *zealous Preacher*. Her features appear to have been deeply shaded with *Indian ink*, and discover so many shattered and forbidding deformities, that we must perforce attend to the more perfect portrait of her Father Confessor through the insufferable defects of his terrific *female Friend*. Pride, Ill-nature, and Hypocrisy, with all the deprecated vices of the *Litany*, fall short in attempting to describe the complicate and *Pharisaical* guilt, which springs collectively from Self-arrogance.

C ——— S S O F J . . . . Y.

*Jephtha's Daughter bewailing her Virginity.*

Jephtha returning from victory vowed to sacrifice the first, whom he should meet coming out from the city, with congratulatory salutations. His Daughter was the unexpected victim; and, being informed of her fate, she ardently begged a truce of some days, while she might bewail her virginity on the mountains. Lady J — has shewn abundance of taste in the judicious management of her pencil, though the passions she so inimitably expresses are  
not



not the natural effusions even of a maiden's affliction. An artful smerkness can never have been the characteristic of lamentation; yet *Jephtha's Daughter* plays off its graces with enviable serenity. She is going to the mountains, and possibly the path is of easier ascent than she expected; or, which is more probable, she may have discovered a convenient purchaser for the *lamentable* gift she has so long preserved inviolate. So *intelligent* a paintress as Lady J—— should have expressed the subject of her piece more scrupulously. We know the general disapprobation she professes, when ladies of so *mournful* a cast are spoken of with any degree of tenderness, and therefore cannot hesitate to condemn her for *burlesquing* the characters of Holy Writ.

L A D Y C . . . . . A J . . . . . N.

*Job's Wife.*

Scold as she is, she has the look of a gentlewoman. We have read of *Job's* great riches, of his herds, his flocks, and landed property, but could not have believed his lady was a woman of that rank and fashion the painting represents her. Her *pacific* accomplishments were never held up as a pattern for modern wives, though the majority of them so liberally acknowledge their inestimable worth; the Artist therefore, when she delineates her transport of fury, gives it a moral deformity, very necessary to be viewed by *British beldames* in their *sober senses*. *Job*, with an intention to frighten her into compliance, has put on the garb of a *soldier*; but alas! in vain. So harshly omnipotent is the discord of woman, that *soldiers* are *no soldiers* with their *wives*.

Q

D O W.



DOWAGER C——SS OF L . . . SB . . . . GH.

*The Enchantments of Circe.*

*Circe* may very appositely be stiled an Enchantress, for she possesses a share of indecent impudence, that all the *modern adepts* in assurance will find it difficult to equal. So severely has she tortured *one* unhappy victim to the influence of magic, that he seems *expiring* under the baleful witchcraft of her incantations. Others are less inhumanly handled, so that we presume the forcerefs found her former prisoner some *obstacle* to the scandalous indulgence of her lewd amours.

D——SS OF L . . . ST : R.

*The Car of Venus.*

Our senses are irresistibly won by a combination of the richest and most celestial beauties we have ever yet admired. Every glowing charm that can give lustre to the empress of grace and attraction is rapturously expressed in the person of *Venus*. The *Cupids* who attend her are lovely little orators, that sweetly speak the admirable softness and propitious benevolence of their gentle mother. Her car is gilded with profuse magnificence. The Doves, which supernaturally conduct it, are decked with splendid plumage, and give additional delicacy to the well-conceived and perfect symmetry that reigns throughout the piece.

L A D Y L . . T H.

*A Scene in Alexander the Great.*

The genius of *Lee*, equally frantic with the mind of his conquering hero, has, with ample justice, described the rival claims of

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*Roxana*



*Roxana* and *Statira*. Such vengeful and undaunted spirits (thanks to the interposition of Providence!) are not to be met with every day; and indeed, with due respect to Lady L——'s *official* intelligence, we suppose she has diminished their *eclat* of malevolence, through regard to the present diminution of rancor and ill-manners. Her *Rival Queens* have but a modern flatness, and indeed seem to quarrel with so studied a composure, that we suspect they wish to gratify some interested passion, incompatible with the dignity of princesses. *Alexander*, with a rudeness never taught in the seminaries of *Persia*, pushes *Statira* from him, and offers *his hand* to *Roxana*. History has either been very defective, or the discarded lady's friends were a dastardly family of spiritless poltroons.

LADY F.....S L.S.L.E, late C—SS of T..C....L.

1. *Fair Rosamond*.

Complexion and eyes are certainly the most eloquent advocates in favor of a lady's deserts. Were the youthful and warm to pass judgment, they would be equally omnipotent in awarding the sentence of condemnation, should the lovely pleader be brought to a tribunal of justice. *Fair Rosamond's* misconduct is too well known, and has been too closely imitated, to need any farther reprehension than that which modern *matrimonial libels* bestow on the offending party. Her person, if Lady F—— has not been the flattering limner, was elegant, and her smile too bewitching, not to obliterate every partiality which *Henry* might have wished to retain in favor of his royal comfort. Contrition is but faintly marked in the scheme of her angelic face. Such an assemblage of grace and sweetness should have been the lot of a less culpable possessor. We  
pity



pity the distresses of her *family*, when we reflect on the kind concern they must have felt for her irretrievable indiscretions.

## 2. *Treacherous Simplicity.*

What pity that so fair a form, like *Pandora's*, should be destined to deal misfortune to the world! An inimitable *contour* is preserved in her captivating form, and the coloring beautifully blended. Soft attraction could not have been more powerfully displayed, or to appearance less tinged with the ungentle failings hinted at in the title. Yet the *frank* and *undissembling* Paintress has told *a tale that harrowed up our souls*, habituated as they are to circumstances of the kind. *Simplicity* is in itself so amiably engaging, and in this *unkind* climate so thoroughly put out of countenance, that we are sorry to see its long-forgotten resemblance attempted under the form of Hypocrisy.

## QUONDAM LADY L. G . . . . R.

### 1. *The Harpies.*

If any unfavorable reflexion may, with justice, be thrown out against the distinguished and very honorable society, who have voluntarily obliged the world with an unbiassed review of their performances, it must arise from the number of *obscene* pieces introduced, *sans gene*, into the *motley* arrangement of their Catalogue. Lady L——'s ideas, like *Lady Macbeth's*, must have been totally *unsexed* to have judged so peculiarly *foul* a subject adequate to the touches of a female pencil. Her *Harpies* are as filthy as they are mischievous, and as forbidding in the texture of their persons as in the too powerful indelicacy of their——. Our fair readers, who have



have studied *Dryden's Virgil*, will remember that the unprecedented *irregularity* of their conduct effectually *turned the stomach* of *Æneas*. If the bold and pious Trojan, who had uniformly led a life of dire calamity, found himself so unusually affected at the behavior of his rude and uninvited visitors, how will the softer sentiments of English belles be violated at the sight of a production so irresistibly *provocative*?

2. *Lady Godina riding through Coventry.*

Two potent difficulties strike us on the consideration of this very original history. *The first*, Why her Ladyship's *Husband* should have required so uncommon a concession? *The second*, Why she should have wished the windows shut? Perhaps the severity of the *old Lords* was of the same austere and unsocial cast with the chastity of their *Ladies*. *Godina* is so unwarrantably careful of exposing every charm, that we suspect she has posted more than one *peeping Tom* to have a glance at her beauties. The courtezans of old made not even a *blushing* scruple of returning from the public baths *in buff*, though the business of *full change* was in meridian agitation. *Godina* inherits many very lively sparks of that truly *liberal* spirit; and, we may venture to assert, if the picture were not so silently pantomimical, that we should hear her calling to her numerous sparks to *watch* the opportunity.

L A D Y M . . Y L . . T H . R.

*Blue Beard.*

The *bearded* originality of this frightful monster is not the only striking deformity which shocks our visual faculties. His ancestors

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must



must surely have been the *grim sons* of *Erebus*, so *devilishly* royal are the out-lines of his countenance. Could we have discovered any character resembling *Proserpine*, we should not have hesitated to pronounce his portrait an admirable likeness of *the king of terrors*; though with so terrific an aspect he must, at all events, have *frightened away* his *wife*, had she been born or bred among the *Infernals*. Low'ring indignation seems to be his *forte*; and, in good faith, his abilities are supremely horrible. How the fair Paintress could have persuaded him to sit for his picture is surprising, unless his vanity be of the same morose cast with the menacing harshness of his temper.

D O W A G E R D — — S S O F M . . C H . . . . R.

*Sir John and My Lady.*

Says Sir John to my Lady, in innocent chat,  
Shall we go to dinner, or to *you know what*?  
With simpering smile, replied the fair Lady,  
My dear, as you please, but *dinner's not ready*.

PRIOR'S POEMS.

Sir John's athletic and well-proportioned limbs give most warrantable sanction to my Lady's gentle hint. By the language of her very expressive eyes we have reason to believe, she ever professed an unwillingness to *mince the matter*; and, from certain lines in her physiognomy, we discover and applaud the honest cordiality of her attachments. What may be Sir John's sentiments on the pressing occasion we cannot so learnedly explain. He makes the offer, 'tis true, but whether he was wizard enough to know it would be so readily accepted is somewhat doubtful. The figures are well-sketchd,



sketched, and my Lady's color almost too nicely preserved for the apparent maturity of her full-blown beauties.

D — S S O F M . . C H . . . . R.

*Penelope.*

Ulysses was absent, and yet Penelope was chaste. What an unusual circumstance in ancient days, but what a miracle had it happened within the memory of the present generation! The D—fs has distributed such an abundance of grace and dignity in the person of her exemplary heroine, that we fear any future attempts at virtuous picturesque will be only considered as a gaudy imitation from this excellent and noble artist. She must have possessed an unexampled enthusiasm herself to have made the admirers of her piece knights errants in the cause of honor. And yet, so true it is, that we ask but a helmet and lance individually, to encounter the strongest opposition of vice, and *bring back* her much-loved Ulysses to her embraces.

L A D Y L . . . . A M . . . . S.

*Cunning little Isaac.*

The DUENNA.

An ungenteel and *Israelitish* shrewdness, with a dirty penetration, form the well-conceived and characteristic distinctions of the cunning *Calculator*. *So much like a Jew, and so little like a gentleman*, was a very just observation of *Louisa's*. She keeps up to the spirit of her first sentiments, and laughs very heartily at him in the side scene. Indeed, it had been a pity if so fine a girl had been condemned



demned to so ill-featured an *Amoroso*. She seems a merry buxom wench, and quite the rustic in complexion. So natural is the bloom on her inviting cheeks, that we cannot allow her to have been a Spaniard born. Her swain may be very aptly pronounced a citizen of the world, for the unamiable peculiarities of every country seem centered in his person. The most insignificant *trait* in his countenance assists in the general whisper, *Moneysh*.

L A D Y M . . B . . . N E.

*Harlequin and Columbine.*

*Lee Lewes* to perfection ! Quite the eloquent *Voyageur* ! So various are the patches of his motley jacket, that we conjecture he must have taken flight to the rainbow, and pilfered *Iris* of her colors. Under his fable mask we discover a set of features so insignificant, that it were to be wished the concealment had been more general. Columbine is a sweet pretty runaway, and plays off her charms to admiration. A lovely mien, soft complexion, oval face, and irresistible eyes, are too many attractions for any reasonable woman, and yet the artful rogue possesses them without the natural deformities of vanity and pride. Lady M—— is a dangerous artist ; she improves too largely on the life.

C——SS D O W A G E R O F M . X . . . . . G H.

*Xantippe.*

The *Bruyant* seems perfectly suited to her Ladyship's taste. Socrates, who is described in history as viewing the calamities of life with an unconcerned *sang froid*, appears by the painting to retain



a wonderful partiality to still life. His *penchant* is by no means the commendable suggestion of philosophy, though a natural consequence *dans les fracas de mariage*. *Xantippe's* person is so fearfully tremendous, and her conduct so violently irascible, that the incontinent sophist is reduced to the lamentable shifts of pantomime to avoid the *showers* of her vengeance. *Hop, skip, and jump* were never resources to the taste of Socrates, though necessity compels him to the disagreeable alternative of *uxurious purification*, or unacceptable *Harlequinade*.

# MISS M . . C T . N.

## *Joan of Arc.*

Masculine heroism is a virtue so rarely met with in the softer sex, that we must perforce admire it, when we see it united with the most elegant and attractive beauties which distinguish the resolutely fair. *Joan* discovers a deportment so majestic, and an assemblage of charms, so sublime and commanding, that we cannot conceive her birth to have been of that obscurity which the French annals represent. Her abundant vivacity is equally admirable with her courage, and her person so irresistibly captivating by a peculiar delicacy of *embonpoint*, that we are assured *the English* must have retreated rather from the omnipotence of her beauties than the supposed superiority of her arms.

S

MISS



## MISS M. R. E.

*Melpomene.*

The Muses were maids—agreed on all sides—but why should we assert, they were not *old maids*? The virgin-purity of their sentimental conversation might have owed its existence to the retirement they lived in, and not to any unfocial prejudice they might have conceived against the customary freedoms permitted under Jupiter's government. Miss M—'s painting is tolerably executed, though quite an unfinished piece. Her *Tragic Muse* possesses a competent share of *delicately*—for her age, and a very decent enthusiasm for the natural calm and regularity of her features. The fair artist's coloring is laid on with scrupulous judgment, but in many places too faint. In short, her claim to commendation is orthodox, though her sketch of *Melpomene* will hardly outlive her personal dissolution. Mrs. C—*ley* attempted a painting in this stile, and wished us to receive it in our collection, but the touches of her pencil were so darkly shaded, and so indiscriminately colored, that we could hardly discover any *traits* divine or human in the figure of her *ill-used* patroness.

## L A D Y N . . H . . . N.

*The Empress-Queen of Lilliput.*

GULLIVER'S Travels.

Her ladyship has proved herself a more loyal subject than Dean Swift. His Lilliputian king and queen were scarcely a barley-corn taller than the nobility of their court, and inspired the same medio-



crity of veneration with a groom of the bed-chamber. Lady N— professes too punctilious a submission to blood-royal to be guilty of so republican an insult. Her well-delineated empress out-tops the general height of her ladies in waiting by some inches. The compliment is still kept up with such decency and moderation, that we can by no means accuse the paintress of fulsome flattery. Her majesty's stature, in spite of the attic story, borders surprisingly on the diminutive; however, her figure has such peculiar ease, and her visage such sweetness and humanity, that we overlook the immaturity of her growth.

# L A D Y N . . T H.

## *Bess of Bedlam.*

Just unshackled from the fetters of Moorfield's bondage; but whether she has broken loose, or been turned out as too frantic for a residence with the incurables, we cannot yet determine. So implacable is the excess of her malice, that we are satisfied her disorder could never have been the consequence of love. Like *the dragon-faced Duenna*, she cannot but have burlesqued the *tender passion*; and, though she may possibly have been married, so unsocial are the lines of her countenance, that she must have played the wife as fearfully as she does the bedlamite. Were her features out of motion, she might be taken for one of *Hecate's* crew, plotting her midnight incantations. In her present form, she suits no character but that which Lady N— has given her.

H O N O R-



## H O N O R A B L E M R S. N . . T H.

1. *The Cock-lane Ghost.*

The London Magazine has profited by the honorable artist's original, and though their *Ghost* is portrayed in a more *ghastly* stile than Mrs. N—'s, it equally differs from the character we find expressed in the title. We were to expect (if possible) the representation of a noise, or at least such convulsed distortions in the affrighted listeners, as might have been occasioned by some such supernatural circumstance. Instead of this very terrifying scene, we are introduced into a *nobleman's* bed-chamber, where every thing conveys the notion of stillness. His lordship is lying on his couch, broad-awake, and contemplating the beauties of a very elegant and soft-eyed female personage, who bears a bird on her finger, and appears addressing the noble peer very sentimentally. How this portraiture can be connected with the hacknied story of the Cock-lane apparition, or what concern the bird can have in the history, we cannot explain. The faces are well drawn; and though the London Magazine engraving has given *my lord* a surprising share of bristled terror, Mrs. N—'s very considerate nobleman discovers none.

2. *The Tree of Knowledge.*

Temptation is unavoidable, where the fruit is so luxuriant. Appetite and curiosity are such powerful incentives in womankind, that Eve's imprudence was but synonymous with her inclination, and that very potent inclination has been the characteristic of every married lady in the same predicament. *Adam* seems a sober fellow,  
and



and looks the character of a good husband to perfection. *Eve* has no such unanswerable perfections; and, what is more extraordinary, devours the whole apple, without offering her husband a bite. To oblige the lady, who expressed a wish that the *poor devil* might meet with mercy and forgiveness, we will speak no ill of the serpent, who has been ever considered as the fatal actor in this piece.

C ——— S S OF O . . . . Y.

1. *State Policy.*

We shall acquaint our readers with the bare circumstances this picture contains, as it is impossible to give any satisfactory interpretation why the personages should be thus situated. A tall, well-made *Brunette* is engaged in *very* close conversation with a robust and fresh-looking *Amoroso*, whose parley is of that interesting kind as of itself to apologize for our silence. A black little fellow, behind the screen, watches their motions very scrupulously; but with such complacency of aspect that he can have but little concern in the *event* of their interview. His face speaks much political machination, and but little honesty. No farther comments will be deemed necessary, where the main objects of criticism are enveloped in obscurity.

2. *An English Seraglio.*

It is with deep concern we trace the strong marks of a just and lively *copy* in this complicated piece. No *lady* could have fancied so warm and spirited an original; and we should have thought no votary to chaste affection would have informed the world, that so

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illegal



illegal and unprincipled a society existed in *Great Britain*. Her faces are animated, and her attitudes interesting. The glowing beauties so partially distributed among her probationary *Houries* are quite in the Turkish taste. They seem *working out* their strangely-concerted *salvation* with orthodox eagerness. In such a liberal and truly *honest* painting one would imagine interest were totally put out of countenance, but the C———s deals in different *Ethics*. Even matrimony has some influence in the corner of the scene; but its period seems so transient, and its *bonds* so nimbly changed to *conveyances*, that we conjecture it must be nearly at its last gasp in the secret chambers of an *English* seraglio.

### 3. *Lot's Wife*.

*Lot* in the age he lived in was, without *hyperbole*, a man of virtue. His lady is neither annalised as bordering on the extremes of good or evil, previous to the imprudent step which terminated in her metamorphose; but surely she could have possessed but little sweetness, to have consoled herself under the comfortless *enveloppe* of a pillar of salt. Her person speaks very faintly in favor of her virtue. She must have *looked back* for some one; and from the pliant texture of her chastity we judge, regretted losing the *dernier moment* for a *rencontre*, ere a general devastation took place. Her husband's virtues shine with double splendor, since his features give the lie to their existence. He bears the relapse of his wife with Stoic calmness, and hastens so rapidly to little *Zoar*, that we suppose he still preserves an attachment to *political* alliance and *patriotic* family compact.

M I S S



MISS LYDIA P...K.R.

*The Three Graces.*

Tough materials are uniformly characteristic of the poor persecuted devils whom the world has stigmatized with the appellation of *Critics*. An enraptured *observer*, stark staring mad in a phrenzy of good nature, is thought a fictitious character, yet with such injustice, that we consent to a three-fold insanity, for the sake of speaking the *Euloge* of our own humanity. Miss P——r's *Graces* are so transcendently amiable, that we have almost injured our visual organs by gazing on them. Such grandeur and elegance, such becoming softness, can with difficulty be expressed in painting, and effectually baffle all verbal description. Each *Grace* has such ineffable charms, that we cannot admire their beauties distinctly; but the youngest—ah! it were better for the world had not the youngest possessed the angelic sweetness she so benignantly displays!

C ——— SS P...CY.

*Shenstone Green.*

The view is admirable, and the rustics so sincerely honest, that we cannot but applaud her ladyship's taste, and highly approve the execution of her very excellent piece. Mr. Melmoth has many obligations to Lady P—— for the compliment paid him, and the inimitable correctness with which the noble artist has finished her improvements on his tale. The coloring is by no means glaring, and the native bloom on the shepherdesses' cheeks delicately softened.



DOWAGER D ——— SS OF P . . . . . D.

*Mother Shipton.*

Wilful impropriety is visible in many particulars of the Sybil's person and dress. She is immoderately tall, and, though far advanced in the high road to dissolution, gives out her prophecies in an erect attitude. These are circumstances which only strike adepts in witchcraft, but even infants must smile at the absurdity of an artist, who should paint the venerable gossip in a flat and no *crowned* hat. Mother Shipton's features are tolerably mature, and carry with them a serious sensibility, natural to the gypsy sisterhood. Her antique habiliments were decently conceived, had they been all of a piece; but so wonderful is the jumbled assortment of modes and fashions peculiar to different centuries, that we must impartially condemn the laughable incongruity of her grace's patch-work.

DOWAGER C ——— SS OF P . . . S.

*Spadille.*

Surely her ladyship must have studied at the card-table rather than in the less tumultuous academies of painting, or she could not have selected so strange a subject for the exercise of her pencil. *Spadille* may have intrinsic merit, and very potent charms, when his casting vote decides the good fortune of some enthusiastic devotee, but in a gallery of pictures his very simple appearance can preserve no such inestimable consequence. Duly considering these things, we are at a loss how to animadvert on the merit of Lady P——'s  
strange



strange portraiture. Her fable hero's ornamental device is, "*Honi  
soit qui mal y pense.*" It would, therefore, be out of character to  
condemn the noble artist's intentions, though we have no compli-  
ments to pay on the elegance of her design.

P . . . . . S S R . . . L.

*Hebe.*

The youthful Goddess has spirit and loveliness, and may be pro-  
nounced well deserving *public* admiration. Her mien is graceful,  
and her features pleasing and ingenuous. The royal patroness of  
the art she so abundantly excels in is young; and, though her  
present performance may almost be stiled a model of perfection, we  
shall, doubtless, find a considerable improvement in the boldness of  
her pencil, when her Highness attempts a richer and more social  
picturesque. The Princess is already capital in single figures, and  
finishes her paintings with a glowing delicacy unusual at her years.  
Time and future lessons will enable her to offer them to the world  
luxuriantly faultless.

L A D Y C . . . L R . C E.

*Thisbe lamenting the Death of Pyramus.*

Their loves were ardent, though attended with mutual distress.  
No sufferer demands our pity more forcibly than the unfortunate  
*Thisbe*, bewailing the calamities she has innocently been the cause  
of, and preparing to avenge on herself the cruelty she has been

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fatally



fatally instrumental to. Lady C——l paints with an interesting warmth, which we cannot but admire. Her breathless *Pyramus* is supremely excellent, and the excess of *Thisbe's* grief pourtrayed in so powerful a stile as to awaken our tenderest feelings. The affrighted anguish and pale distraction seated on her countenance are beautifully described, and hold an affecting converse with the inward agitations of her soul.

D — S S OF R . C H . . . D.

*Eleonora.*

The virtuous and affectionate queen has most eloquent beauties to recommend her. The finest face that fancy could have created, with attributes of heavenly perfection in every feature bespeak a soul formed like *Eleonora's* to bless mankind with a transient enjoyment of something more than human. The D——s has done ample justice to her exalted character, and must have minutely studied every grace of person to finish the great queen and amiable wife in so lovely and complete a stile. Modern husbands can have no conception of such unexampled goodness, and the D——s is too exemplary and intelligent a paintress to give them too critical a view of its actual existence.

L A D Y R . . . . S.

*Pandora's Box.*

That a pretty woman should be the authoress of public deformities gives a shock to nature, and an affront to beauty. Lady R——  
has



has been circumspectly sensible of the impropriety, and presents us with the ugliest B— of a *Pandora* we ever set our eyes on. To analyse her frightfulness would be as difficult a task as to enumerate the evils of her cabinet. Each possess a horror that is chilling to the spirits, and give us an aversion to open-handed females. For the official demerits of the piece it will be only necessary to observe, that the first sight is effectual, as the figures of Pandora and her crew are miserably bedaubed with Indian ink.

D — S S O F R U . . . . D.

*Elfrida.*

The treachery of Edgar's ambassador was certainly palliable were Elfrida's beauty equally irresistible with the D—s's portrait. Her *Eclat* of charms is so magnificently dazzling, that no courtier could have withstood them, and her amiable softness so expressive of natural timidity, that she could never have revealed the secret, though a kingdom were the purchase of her discovery. The noble artist cannot have studied history with that correct attention which she has bestowed on painting, or she would, from that admirable loveliness of temper which distinguishes her, have rejected a character stigmatized with apostasy from virtue. Elfrida's conduct, as an unnatural mother-in-law, has thrown the blackest shades on her personal perfections. Her Grace, too partial to self-experience, judged so fair a form incapable of nurturing the seeds of criminality. Too amiable an historian, if she be guilty of misrepresentation, is however the authoress of an offence, that doubly endears her inestimable benevolence.

L A D Y



LADY JOHN S . . . . . L L E.

*Diana Trapes.*

" In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove,  
" Fa la la la, &c."

BEGGARS OPERA.

We sincerely lament the loss of her juvenile abilities ; though a lady, so *capable* in the vigor of her youth, cannot (by Æsop's maxim) be an insipid old woman in the winter of her days. *Diana* has quite the family face. Life and spirit are its characteristics ; and express her sentiments as applicable as they support her title. The animation of her blue eyes is by no means relaxed. They are as obedient to, and as explanatory of, her good wishes as ever, and make *Diana* a brisk and lively widow, in spite of nature's opposition. This picture will be ever esteemed valuable in the cabinets of the fair. It will teach the young, that they may expect some share of admiration when they have passed *threescore* ; and the old, that there exists an equal rivalry among *great grand-mothers* and their less deep-read flirting progeny.

DOWAGER V ——— S S S . Y.

*Old Women ground young.*

It might as well be stiled *the crutch dance*, so stoutly do the good-humored adventurers hobble out of their climacteric. One ancient Dame, the *senior* of her society, seems *dangerously* active. She has thrown aside the *oaken support* of her declining limbs, and supplies  
the



the deficiency by an immoderate violin, which she tunes to so *Orphæan* a pitch, that her mirthful companions almost forget they ever were enfeebled. The mill is at some distance, and the highway tolerably rugged. But so little do they regard such explicable difficulties, that many of them are seen sprawling on the ground, with frolicsome glee, and sarcastic *badinage*. In short, so merry a group is a princely treat, and will immortalize the dowager's merit, as a comical artist, to latest generations.

QUONDAM LADY M . . . S . . T T.

*The Fair Apostate.*

That a pretty, well-instructed, modest young lady should prefer the arms of a free-hearted soldier, to the impotent embraces of a battered gambler, is by no means surprising; but that the *luckless* dotard should have been her husband mars the joke, and sentences the lady. Lady M— paints like a daughter of *Liberty*. She is guilty of malice, and extenuation, as her purpose requires, and deals out panegyric, and abuse, quite *patriotically*. *The fair Apostate* has softness and simplicity, blended with sublime beauties. What pity but she had added virtue! The old beau is frightful beyond credibility; and the ensign ('tis only in theory) charming, exclusive of his uniform. In such a predicament, what could the damsel do? She reasoned in the style of *Ferdinand*.—*But if beauty disapprove, Heaven absolves all other treason in the heart that's true to LOVE*. 'Twas a criminal reflexion, and by no means commendatory.

X

C ——— S S



C ——— S S O F S . F T . N.

*Pamela.*

We thought to find the dear duteous female quite a pattern of respectful timidity. Such an extraordinary attribute, 'tis true, suits neither the general tempers of the fair sex, nor the taste of their pencils, however it might meet with *Richardson's* approbation. Indeed, the C——s must have foreseen how greatly Pamela would have been abashed in such good and liberal company, and therefore thought it wise to paint her without a blush, for the sake of *façon* and gentility. The pretty novice is charmingly agreeable, and very modest, considering the impression she has made on *my lord*. Her *mamma's* precepts (the story tells) were early instilled into her mind; and, though the humble beauty has not been rigidly obedient to every particular of the matron's immoderate demand, she preserves a simpering smirkness of features, that will, without doubt, improve on farther acquaintance.

QUONDAM LADY ELIZ...TH S...LL.

*Cupid out of Countenance.*

The impudent little god seldom labors under so distressing a misfortune, and indeed his divinity looks *toute une autre chose* with so lamentable a countenance. The successful plausibility usually put on circumstances of this kind by influence of this intriguing deity, seems totally lost on the present occasion. The lovers in the back scene almost freeze us with a cold chill, and appear such underlings



derlings in *crim. con.* that we condemn the vice, without approving the spirit of the parties. As ugly an amoroso as ever disgraced the solemnities of *Priapus*, pays warm *devoirs* to a tolerable female figure, more animated in her return of affection, than in the captivating arrangement of her features. Their residence in the temple of love is certainly a *burlesque* on Cupid's tutelary kindness, and sufficient to put a less modest deity to the blush.

C ——— S S S P . . . . R.

*Mary Magdalen.*

Lady S — — has done admirable justice to the beaming dignity of the sacred personage she describes. Her colors are rich and luxuriant, and the justness with which she has portrayed the benignity of *Mary Magdalen's* aspect cannot have been surpassed by the most idolized artists. We are sensible of an enraptured awe on contemplating the greatness of the character she has made choice of, and revere the grandeur of her sentiments while we compliment the correctness of her pencil.

L A D Y C H . . . . S S P . . . . R.

*Lucretia.*

What could a woman relinquish for the preservation of her character more than *Lucrece*? Or how shew her abhorrence of naughty conversation with greater fortitude? The *Romans* gave her conduct as a pattern to their wives, and the *English*, with equal solemnity, desired a similar sacrifice from their spouses, whenever *fate* should  
place



place them in a similar situation. 'Till the last century the injunction was observed with moderation; since that period, wives have had less *virtu* in the dying way; and therefore Lady C—— has drawn Lucretia less exemplary, and her friends more pliant. Chastity was perhaps fully delineated in the outlines of her face, and the coloring quite buried it, for not a tint of female delicacy is visible in the heroine's very contradictory person. To say nothing of the texture of her petticoats, we shall only observe, that had the titled paintress called her portrait *a finished courtesan*, we should have admired the propriety of her design.

D O W A G E R C ——— S S O F S T A F . . . D.

*Mother Bunch counting her Beads.*

That this very intelligent personage was a little old woman, the other side of fifty, and that she was an entertaining story-teller, we well know, but that she had any views beyond this life, we never suspected. Her historical information was such, that we suppose her somewhat an adept in divinity, and therefore must be cautious how we incur the name of heretics by condemning the tenets of her faith. She seems a well-meaning old lady, and we wish she had some young catholics to instruct in the true religion.

L A D Y S T . . . . . T.

*Flora.*

The charms of silent eloquence seem to have taken up their residence with this beautiful and virtuous damsel. Her person is deli-



cately formed, and her beauties discover an opening bloom, that pronounces them not yet arrived at captivating perfection. That impudence and conscious vanity which form the general distinctions of demi-goddeses, are the direct reverse of Flora's personal accomplishments. Her features are motionless, though possessed of abundant sensibility, and attract our love and admiration, by the artless benevolence they express. Had these graces been mortal, they must perforce have been deified by warm and sanguine devotion. Since they are celestial, we acknowledge their influence by a fearful and distant veneration.

DOWAGER C ——— SS OF ST . . . . . RE.

1. *Medea scattering the Limbs of Absyrtes.*

Could a soul like *Medea's* be capable of affection? Though Ovid answers in the affirmative, we are induced to doubt the authenticity of his memoirs, and believe her to have solely cultivated the more ferocious accomplishments of vindictive misanthropy. The few, who put a charitable construction on the most criminal conduct, will plead, that she had *strong passions*, so that *Absyrtes* will be considered by those lovers of humanity as the convenient, though unhappy victim of her incontinence: Lady S ——— has given every horror to her enchantress's countenance which may be pronounced to her discredit. The little innocent, whom she has painted historically as *Medea's Brother*, moves our direst vengeance against the authoress of his fate. We no longer view him as a brother but a ———. The situation of the character authorizes such an interpretation, and we shudder at the horrid discovery.

Y

2. *Mrs.*



2. *Mrs. Bruin.*

MAYOR OF GARRAT.

Well knowing the taste of the *exemplary* dowager, we should rather have conceived *Mr. Sneak* the more favored personage of the two. Anger and animosity were the darling attributes of her temper, while meek compliance formed the very opposite distinction of her sister's. Both, we confess, were equally undutiful to *papa*; but the different sentiments entertained by their husbands on the subject of *wearing the breeches* occasioned a reverse of conduct in their matrimonial capacities. *Mr. Bruin*, like *Othello*, had in possession a *Sybil's* magic present, though of more humble texture than the Moor's. It was an invincible *Shillaleh*, well cut out for the purpose of softening a woman's harshness. We no longer wonder at her spouse's condescension. Her downcast eyes, and gentle-moving step are the just marks of *fearful* and *obedient* timidity.

## LADY ANNE ST — T.

*Susannah and the Elders.*

They were certainly *Elders* by virtue of official dignity; for their years are of the greenest. We read in Scripture of *Joseph's* rescue from the desires of his mistress. No such continence has yet been registered under a woman's name, except in the case of the fair *Susannah*, and the most rigid divines will confess, that circumstance *apocryphal*. Lady Anne's chaste beauty pleads irresistibly, that the behavior attributed to her in the sacred writings may not be received in the canon of the church. Her features eloquently speak  
ceived



the necessity of *non-resistance*, and indeed the smiling virgin's *passive obedience* cannot, with any shew of reason, be considered as *scandalous* where *the odds* are so visibly against her. She seems so ready at a parley, that we conjecture she has been the object of amorous overtures before the garden *rencontre*; but, lest we should be thought unnecessarily scurrilous, let us suppose her former traffic to have been in *conjugal commodities*.

C ——— S S O F S . . . : X.

*Hippomanes and Atalanta.*

*Atalanta* was the swiftest runner of her time, and challenged the expertest youths of her city to enter with her on the course. The dear possession of her person (in an honorable way) was fixed on as the prize. *Hippomanes* well knew the nimbleness and agility of his antagonist, but ventured to *jockey* her, in spite of her liberal proposals, by virtue of genteel *corruption*. *Three golden apples*, dropped at different distances, slackened the princess's precipitation, by the unsurmountable necessity she was under of *pocketing* them. The lover took the advantage, and gained the lady. Lady S—— has represented the story very comically, and *en caricature*. *Hippomanes* is a little insignificant old Beau, puffing and blowing with the violence of the contention, and *Atalanta* a ponderous, *perspiring* Belle, as old, though not so ugly, as her *Intended*. She has no dignity, and he no charms. The one seems anxious to marry for the *apples*, and the other, to indulge some *malicious* principle we have not yet discovered.

H O N O-



## H O N O R A B L E M R S. S . K . S.

*La belle Elise.*

The artist has borrowed her likeness from the poetical beauties of *Black-eyed Susan*, and improves very pleasingly on the original. *Elise* is possessed of that ease and loveliness which characterize the united charms of grace and benevolence. She seems studious to recommend every personal perfection, by a studied affability, which must endear her to the coldest beholder. No paintress could have expressed the sentiments of the mind more critically than Mrs. S——, and no sentiments could have breathed the spirit of humanity more amiably than those of *Elise*. She seems the welcome patroness of every foster virtue, and might effect a general reformation of manners, could a faultless beauty of person and a celestial purity of conduct prevail on the giddy world to view such admirable perfections in their natural and moral lustre.

C ——— S S T . . . . T.

*The Old Woman and the empty Cask.*

ÆSOP'S Fables.

*Æsop* wished his Fables to have but a secondary influence, and introduced their allegorical events merely for the purpose of recommending his application. The C——s has finished her composition with such inimitable warmth, that we cannot judge *her* intentions to have had the slightest degree of sentiment. She has shewn the virtue of *old wine*, solely through an attachment to its good qualities, and invigorates her *old woman* as a vintner hangs out



*Bacchus* for public example of its medicinal excellence. The free-hearted soul cannot be said only to enjoy *the dregs*; so plentiful a stream as she appears to quaff, must at least declare the cask *half full*, and, by the color, a little dashed with *brandy*.

L A D Y B . . . . . T . . . . . C H E.

*Euphrosyne.*

The *never-pining* nymph is not less an enemy to vexation than her well-conceived original, though somewhat older than the generality of Comus's toasts. Her person is decently put together, but ill suited to that *nimble-footed revelry* which distinguished the enchanter's residence. To be brief, she seems to *have been* Euphrosyne, and at present to have quitted so busy and immoral a scene, as that of *midnight mirth* and *wanton jollity*.

D O W A G E R L A D Y T . . . . . D.

*Gammar Gurton's Needle.*

Such is the title of a comedy, played with moderate applause, above three centuries ago. Its signification is as obscure as its language; and were Lady T—— as old as the strange story, and as merry as its composer, we think she could not give us any satisfactory insight into the foundation of so comical a tale. *Gammar Gurton* is the busiest dame we have yet seen on canvas. Diligent anxiety is painted on her brow, but surely with very little conscience. She had long possessed *the valuable* she prizes so largely, and must naturally expect its loss *after* a term of years. Her cir-

Z

cumspection



cumspection therefore becomes a fault, and proves that her inclinations were too seriously bent on the perishing *goods* of this transient and *wayward* life.

L A D Y T . . . . . D.

*Desdemona.*

The fair sufferer is irrecoverably smothered with the excess of Othello's affection. It has been a general wonder with the world, how she could ever have admired so rude and forbidding a lover. Exclusive of his complexion, he had such an unamiable roughness of manners, as to create antipathy rather than esteem; and, from the martial tenor of his life, he must have been essentially deficient in bed-chamber accomplishments. The noble artist has portrayed *Desdemona* in a masterly stile. Her refined simplicity is peculiarly winning, and gives an elegant softness to the bolder charms of her person. She suffers considerably by being so closely connected with a *Blackamoor*, though he deals extensively in amorous *tendresses*. The grand excellence of the piece, and which the paintress has admirably observed, is the striking contrast in the married couple. Loveliness and deformity were never so beneficial to each other.

L A D Y V . . . .

*Pan.*

Partiality is a direct and complex *lusus naturæ*. Its distinctions are so curious and self-contradictory, that where we have begun with compliment we have been necessitated to end with condemnation.



tion. The noble artist's strange affection is of the most eccentric and inordinate kind. To conceive a *penchant* for *Pan's* unrefined accomplishments puts modesty out of countenance, and throws so bitter a reflexion on the V——s's unchaste desires, that her sex can never forgive her the scandalous insult she puts on *female attachments*. The celebrated Peerefs painted much more cautiously in Lord William's time. Her present *well-beloved* Lord V—— delineates so scurvily himself, that we hope the V——s caught the infection *par force de mariage*. As the self-approving paintress is so *well-read*, and professed an *Autborefs*, we judge she will defend the errors of her pencil by the more able productions of her pen.

## L A D Y V . R E.

*Darby and Joan.*

The *billing* pair want but a couple of *pipes* and a tobacco-box to recommend them to public admiration. Constancy is now so rare a virtue, and mutual good-humor so lowered in estimation, that we rejoice at recognizing the pristine sincerity of those times which knew their value. *Darby* is considerably taller than his consort, and preserves an upright attitude that does honor to his years. *Joan* has been blest with a moderate share of personal accomplishments, though she suffers so visibly by the ravages of time. Mirth and good fellowship seem to have been their favorite acquisitions.

L A D Y



L A D Y L . . . . W . . . . . R E.

*Galatea lamenting the Death of Acis.*

Calm resignation is admirably expressed in the lovely mourner's elegant and highly-finished person. The tears of fond affection abundantly bedew her cheeks, without injury to those heavenly charms, which may yet shine forth with genuine lustre in the possession of some happier mortal than the much-lamented *Acis*. Her silent affliction demands the tenderest sympathy. It leaves an impression on our hearts that softens every ruder passion, and compels us to the generous tribute of womanish sensibility. *Acis* is beautiful—in the embraces of death. His unanimated features discover every grace that can dwell on the cold visage of lifeless mortality, and bespeak the residence of a soul replete with every liberal sentiment. *Polypheme* is absent. We suppose his character therefore to have been emblematical of the most ungente form.

M R S. W . B . . T . N.

*Saint Austin out of his Wits.*

In spite of the rigid sanctity of Saint Austin's manners Mrs. W——— has married him. Whether such a relaxation of discipline was originally with his inclination, is yet undetermined. The *Devil* however has so far the predominance as to persecute his impure gratifications with abundant severity. His lady vexes him with the unbounded licentiousness of her desires. She is quite a



finished *Coquette*, and so desirous of telling all the world how good a husband she has met with, that the wit less and distracted Saint fears for the security of his disciples. The picture is humorous, and *Austin's* distress very laughably delineated. His persecutors is no beauty. The *holy man's* situation is therefore doubly to be compassionated.

## L A D Y W . . . . N.

*Orpheus and Eurydice.*

Life and spirit constitute the only recommendation of this Lady's composition. *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* were never represented with so little conformity to their poetical attachments, nor could two quarrelling lovers have ever discovered more abundant animation with less cordiality. *Orpheus* has a poverty of shape, which suprisingly improves his vigor, and *Eurydice* a harshness of aspect, which effectually foils her personal perfections. He has conducted her from hell—so far the paintress agrees with the poet—But, wonderful to relate! he attempts to push her back again; and, indeed, with so violent an inclination, that the wretched object of his ill-will seems to decline all hopes of *manual* resistance. Lady W——n's painting may with great justice be esteemed a valuable *curiosity*.

## L A D Y M . . . W . S T.

*Meditation.*

Her figure has some grace, but its excellence is far from being perceptible at first sight. Melancholy has taken such ample possession of her expressive features that we can trace no beauties in her person, but those that make us unhappy. We respect the peculi-

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arity of taste which has directed her Ladyship's pencil, and with she had been equally inimitable in livelier subjects.

C——SS DOWAGER OF W.....L..D.

*The Midnight Affignation. A Convent at some distance.*

Lest the gentlemen should sneer and the ladies frown on a first view of this well-designed performance, we beg leave to assure them, that the personages are scrupulously honorable. The links of matrimony hold them in fast and pleasing durance, and shut out every suspicion that might tend to criminate their excess of affection. The Lady, we confess, is in the autumn of her beauty, and her admirer fresh blown. But in the purlieus of St. J——, no adept in *Etiquette* will wonder at the connexion. She has benevolence, and he, the bolder virtues. What should impede their union? Why their affignation should be within so moderate a distance from the neighboring convent is inexplicable, unless the widow (for so she must be, by her good humor) was doubtful, whether to take the Col---l or the veil.

L A D Y W . . S L . Y.

*Pallas.*

We are surprised to find so strict a similitude between the artist's *Pallas* and *Lady H——ton's Castor*. A more rigid exactness could not have been preserved had they been copied from the same original, and indeed excluding the balance the sisters have maintained in respect to the featured likeness of their different characters, we know not which deserves the palm, for superiority of coloring. The *bright goddess of the island* paints with greater warmth and  
energy



energy than the C———s, but is surpassed by her noble sister in softness and delicacy of expression. Her *Pallas* is the gorgon-shielded deity of battles, *eager and panting for the fight*.

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P R E S I D E N T,

A \* \* \* \* A B \* \* \* \* S S C \* \* \* \* S, late M A \* \* \* \* S S O F C \* \* \* \* N.

“ I will rather truſt a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herſelf:  
“ then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes; and what they think in their hearts they  
“ may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect.”

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